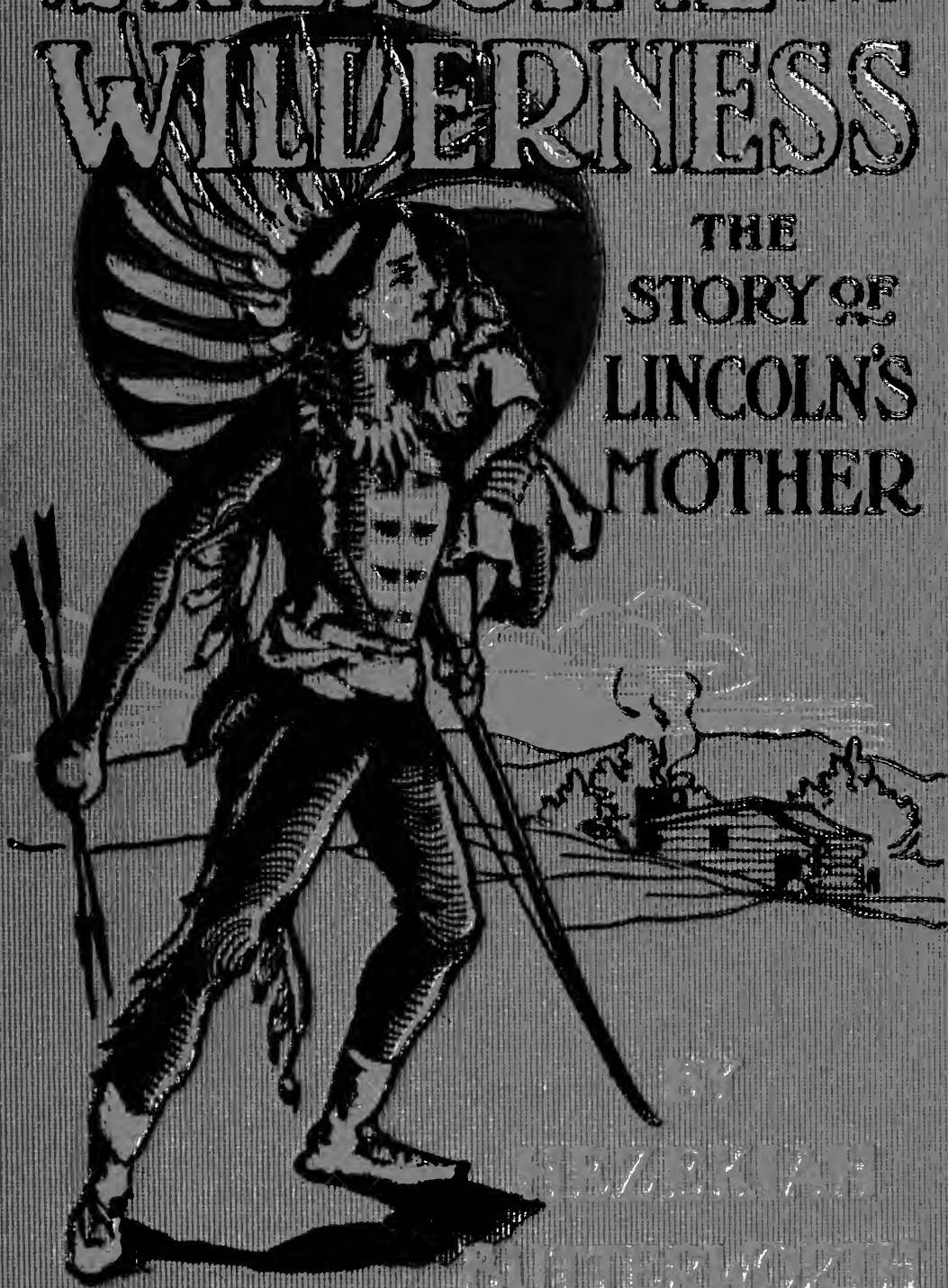


A HEROINE *of* The WILDERNESS

THE
STORY OF
LINCOLN'S
MOTHER



BY
H. W. HARRIS
AUTHOR OF
"THE WILDERNESS"

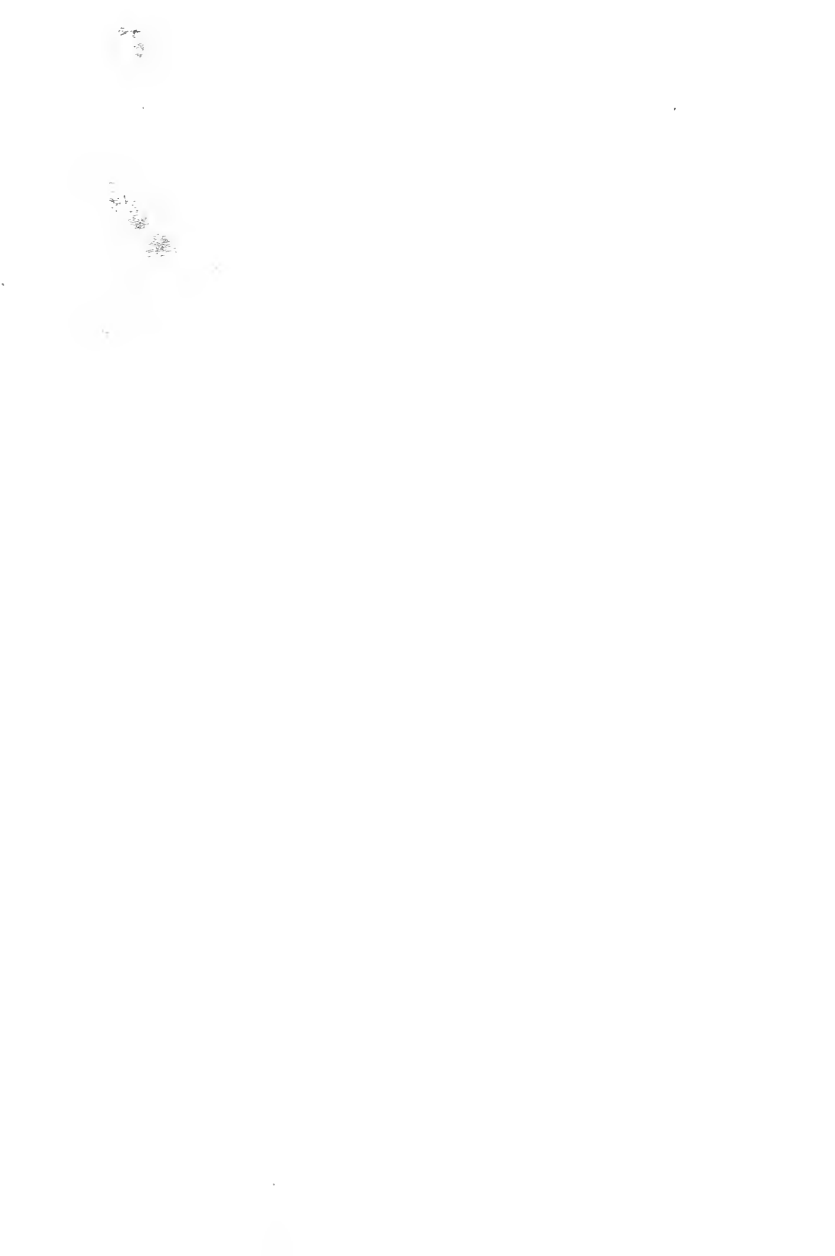


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NANCY STARTED UP—
"SARAH!" SHE CALLED DOUBTFULLY

A HEROINE OF THE WILDERNESS

THE STORY OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AUTHOR OF

"In the Boyhood of Lincoln", "Zig-Zag Journeys", etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY

CLARE VICTOR DWIGGINS



1906

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A HEROINE OF THE WILDERNESS

CHAPTER I

THE WOLF-DOG

“CRY-cry-ee-ei!”

“What’s that?” asked Mother Berry, as she stood by the fireplace. This was in Kentucky near the close of the eighteenth century. “It sounds like a wolf-dog. I have heard it before. I’ll open the door and listen.”

“Cry-ee-ei!” came echoing from the timber. “Yes, I’ve heard that same cry before, and it goes to my heart; there is something pitiful in it.”

“Right you are, wife,” said her husband. “There’s something out of the common in

that cry. I reckon it comes from the same dog that I raised my gun to shoot when something staid my hand. I didn't tell you about it for fear you might laugh at me for hesitating to kill a wolf-dog."

"How did he look?" asked Mrs. Berry.

"He was a young dog, and handsome for one of his sort. He saw me taking aim, but instead of sneaking away, he rose up on his hind feet and stood before me as if offering himself for a target. I hesitated, with my finger on the trigger. He seemed to beg for mercy; to wish to come towards me in a friendly way, somehow, to be acquainted with man; then he dropped down on his feet and moved away slowly. He acted as if there was something he would like to say to me. It was the strangest conduct on the part of a wild animal, especially on the part of a young timber wolf, that I ever knew."

"Cry—cry—ee—ei!"

"There it is again. Do you suppose he is

a spirit wolf of the timber? People say there are such things.”

“No,” said Mr. Berry, “there was nothing fierce in his look. He seemed rather anxious to be friendly, and as if he wanted to come and lick my hand. That made me merciful to him, and I let him go back to his own. No, not to his own, for something stranger yet happened. A pack of timber wolves came skitting by, and when they saw him they tried to fall on him. He ran from them, crossed my track again, stood still for a moment, held up his paws again shyly, and, once more gave me a friendly, wistful look. It was the only look of that sort I ever saw in a wolf-dog’s face. I raised my gun again, when he set up a cry, and suddenly vanished among the rocks. That look has haunted me. It was a real wolf-dog, and nearly white.”

“It’s all very curious,” said Mrs. Berry. “I should be tempted to feed a dog with a

cry like that. It has some strange history. I never heard such a tone of distress and appeal in the cry of a wolf-dog before. It sounds almost human."

"I have a notion about that cry," said her husband. "The Indians sometimes capture a young wolf-dog when they find a pack unusually sleek and handsome, and bring it up in their huts or wigwams. Savage and wild as a wolf is, such a pup becomes much attached to its owner, and they say other wolves turn against it if it runs wild again. There may be some Indian who has made a pet of this particular dog. Or, maybe some lone Indian woman brought up this little one as her own pet. She may have been wandering out of sight of him, or she may have lost him. He is no common beast, he knows something that other wolf-dogs don't."

"Very well, then, we'll spare him if he

comes near the house, unless he does mischief.”

Mrs. Berry had scarcely spoken these words when the dog appeared in full view in the open timber. He ran along, with his head turned towards the house.

“He looks as if he had lost something,” said Mr. Berry. “I won’t shoot him now. The chances are that he is some Indian’s tame dog, and not likely to do harm.”

Mr. and Mrs. Berry stood outside the door. The animal moved along the timber in the shadows of the low sunlight, as if seeking a better acquaintance with them, but too timid to venture nearer. Then he slowly passed from view into the underbrush, when he raised once again the solitary cry—

—“oo-oo-ei!”

The sun went down red across the timber. It was autumn, and occasionally the wind shook the trees, making leaves fall in

russet showers. Night came on. The hunter's moon arose like a night sun, in full orb'd glory. Mr. and Mrs. Berry went back into their cabin, kindled a fire of pine knots, sat down to their meal of bacon and hominy, and talked of the strange conduct of the wolf-dog.

"Somehow," said Mrs. Berry, with tears rushing from her eyes, "I feel as though that wolf-dog is connected with Sarah."

Sarah was the lost child of the family. She had been stolen by the Indians some years before, and, though search had been made wherever possible, not even a trace had been found of her.

The Berry cabin stood in the neighborhood known as Beechlands, and the cane brakes and the cathedral-like woods surrounded them wherein could be found many elk and deer. The sunsets were alive with the wings of wild fowl. The honks of the wild goose trumpeted through the air. It

was called the Wilderness, though it was far from being uninhabited. There were many neighbors, to most of whom the Berrys were related.

Thomas Lincoln, who is now best known as the father of Abraham Lincoln, was a lad of the neighborhood at this time, a wonderful lad, with the customary greeting of "How fare ye all?" and the farewell of "Good day to ye all." Like his more celebrated son, he was a famous story teller. He was a rude backwoodsman, in whom was a spark of genius. The spark flamed when religion became a topic of conversation, or when he had a story that sounded patriarchial and which he liked to repeat in the tone and spirit of the backwoods preachers.

CHAPTER II

IN OLD KENTUCKY

ABOUT the time that some of the people of the American Colonies were beginning their disputes with King George and his Ministers over unjust taxes, there were some whose thoughts turned more to the Far West, to the lands beyond the Alleghenies, concerning which marvellous stories had been told by a few adventurous travelers. It may seem strange that, one hundred and fifty years after the settlement of the colonies, there was so little known about that portion of our country now teeming with millions of people; but there were good reasons for this situation. The country east of the Alleghenies was still sparsely settled, except in some sections

near the sea-coast. There were few woods or even trails over the mountains and, moreover, it was long uncertain who owned the Mississippi Valley.

After the discovery of America it was wholly or in part claimed by various sovereigns of Europe on different pretexts. These sovereigns had a cheerful way of granting to friends generous slices of territory, usually under some charter, to promote colonizations. Not only did these kings and queens frequently give what didn't belong to them or was, at least, in dispute, but they often gave away the same land to different persons, with unfortunate results. The French claim to any territory east of the Mississippi and north of Florida was given up to Great Britain at the close of the French and Indian War; and very soon there was an intense desire of people on the outskirts of civilization to get across the Alleghenies so as to possess these

rich lands, not that there was any need to go so far to find either unoccupied land or wild game; for there was plenty of it on the eastern slope. There are about three times as many people in Pennsylvania to-day as there were in the thirteen Colonies in 1760. But the mountains seemed constantly to beckon the settlers. The wilderness had an irresistible fascination. Thousands left comfortable homes and comparative luxury to go west and share the dangers and excitements of pioneer life. In that day there was a great desire to own as much land as possible. When Virginia permitted settlers to get lands in Kentucky almost for the asking, many rushed through the gaps to pick out the most desirable locations.

Daniel Boone, born in Pennsylvania, was the Kentucky pioneer who revealed this section to previously inhabited America; and his many heroic combats with Indians

and wild beasts gave him a reputation that is still lasting. He wandered first to North Carolina, and then through Cumberland Gap reached Kentucky and roamed through the rich lands, supported by his unerring rifle. After him came first the pioneers who blazed the trails, located lands, and then went back for their families. The War of the Revolution checked the westward movement; but when peace was restored, it was renewed on a large scale. Many of the settlers were soldiers who received pay in lands. Almost all of them were of English or Scotch-Irish descent. Most of the English came from Virginia, though some were from other Colonies as far north as Massachusetts.

The Scotch-Irish were the most numerous. They were descended from the Scotch people who were settled in the North of Ireland for some generations, and then, to the number of one-sixth of our total popu-

lation at the Declaration of Independence—came to this country. Great numbers first settled in the Cumberland Valley, and thence passed into the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia, and on to Kentucky.

In such great numbers did these people reach Kentucky that it became a state in 1792, and already contained many noted men. Kentucky is, according to its physical characteristics, divided into two sections. The Western portion is comparatively level and the soil is perhaps the richest in the world, except that of Western Illinois. Here are the famous Blue Grass farms, where tobacco, hemp, horses, mules and fat cattle are raised in abundance. Here many of the people became rich in a brief space of time; and among them Henry Clay was a political leader for fifty years.

The Eastern section is mountainous, and full of fertile valleys. Here many of the settlers preferred to remain rather than

seek the richer lowlands beyond. They cared little that there were few opportunities for wealth. Few of them desired the luxuries of life. It was not difficult to make a living, and that was all they wanted, along with freedom. There is a very old saying that mountaineers are always free. The people of Switzerland have maintained their independence for nearly a thousand years, and those of Scotland from time immemorial. The people of Scotch blood, many of Scotch birth, found in the mountains of Kentucky exactly the conditions that suited them; plenty of land, plenty of game, and plenty of liberty. There these people and their descendants have lived for nearly one hundred and fifty years, and this section of the country has changed less than any other, until those living to-day are the same types as the first settlers.

The families intermarried until there arose great clans much as in Scotland; and

the family feuds that have made so much sensation are quarrels between descendants of men who used to draw the claymore and fight in the days of the Douglas and Robert Bruce.

The pioneers took with them all that was necessary for making a living, and that was not a great deal. Every wife had her loom and spinning wheel. In every neighborhood there was a blacksmith shop, where rifles were made; and it was such rifles as these which annihilated the British, first at King's Mountain in the War of the Revolution, and afterwards under Jackson at New Orleans in the War of 1812.

The men built rude cabins with their axes. Sheep, hogs and horses came from the East. Fortunately two of the great necessities of frontier life were abundant. Salt was found in numerous springs, while caves abounded with salt-petre, from which powder was made.

And so, though the pioneers lived in a state of rude civilization, they were generally comfortable. Their few wants were easily supplied. The women had the hardest time. They worked early and late. They spun the flax, carded the wool, and wove the linen, jeans and linsey-woolsey from which all the garments were made. They picked the geese for feather-beds. They made the gardens and did constant household work, while the men had more leisure in which to race horses, talk politics, or drink the whiskey made by themselves.

They were a generous-hearted, brave and impetuous people. Theft was almost unknown; but angry passions rose rapidly in political debates or at any imputation against honor. The people were intelligent, but generally uneducated. There were no public schools, and few of any kind. Occasionally a schoolmaster would teach a "subscription school," but there

were few mountaineers who could do more than read a very little and write their names; while many could not even do that. But they were a religious people, and traveling ministers always had large congregations. In their homes the people discussed religion even more than politics, and that is saying a great deal.

It was among these people that Abraham Lincoln was born, and this is the story of his mother, Nancy Hanks, a remarkable woman, even if she had little education, according to our ideas.

In Northwestern Kentucky, in what is now called Washington county, there were settled in the latter part of the 18th century a number of people mostly of English descent. It was in the rolling part of the state, far west of the mountains and bordering on the Blue Grass. Among these settlers were the Lincolns, usually called Linkerns or Linkhorns. The family originally

came from Massachusetts, settled for a time in Pennsylvania, not very far from Philadelphia, where they were neighbors of the Boones, one of whom was the noted Daniel. From Pennsylvania the Lincolns went by way of Virginia to a place called Beechland in Kentucky, not far from Louisville.

Among their neighbors were the Berrys, kind hearted, substantial people, related by marriage to the Lincolns and the Hankses. The chief troubles were with the Indians. When the white men came there were no red men living in Kentucky, nor apparently had there been for many years. It was the hunting ground for many tribes, North and South, and although for some reason they did not care to live there, they were determined the white men should not, because they knew it would destroy their game.

Most of these visiting Indians lived north of the Ohio, as far west as Lake Michigan. They were warlike, brave and relentless.

Apparently they were known as warriors long before the white men came; for the name is said to mean Dark and Bloody Ground, owing to the many battles fought here between various tribes. The Indians were particularly fond of the buffalo meat which abounded in Kentucky, and some wise men have thought that before the buffalo came to the section the people were agricultural. This would account for so many unforested sections in the state, as well as for the fact that the Indian quit his rude farming as soon as he could get plenty of buffalo meat.

It is easy to see how jealous the Indians were of the white men; for they saw that through them their source of living would soon be gone. The Indians made many desperate attacks on the Kentuckians, but never came in very great numbers; probably because it was difficult to get across the Ohio River. They attacked some of the

rude forts of the pioneers, but were more apt to descend on isolated cabins, murder the men and carry off women and children into captivity. Every settler worked with his rifle near at hand, but many of them were shot down by invisible foes.

The Indian, or fear of him, was a terror by night and day. Desperate efforts had been made to annihilate him, but with only partial success. The cry of the settlers reached President Washington, then at Philadelphia, which was the national capital, and one of the first efforts of his administration was to punish the Indians so that they would cease their merciless marauding. The Indians were not to be blamed for wanting to keep their hunting grounds; nor were they wholly to blame for their savage brutality, for most unfortunately they had learned some of these lessons from evil white men. Had all white people treated the Indians as

did good William Penn and his Quaker friends, there would be many bloody chapters missing from our history.

CHAPTER III

YOUNG THOMAS LINCOLN

THOMAS LINCOLN at sixteen was unusually tall and strong for his age, and when he worked he could do as much as most men. He could swing the broad-axe, but it seemed to delight him more to sit down on the trunk of a tree that he had felled and tell stories. These had a charm in them, a “knack” about them, as the merry woodchoppers said. But what stories could this young giant of strength tell in the wilderness! Where could he have learned stories? Naturally most of them dealt with tales of the pioneers. He had met hunters and wayfarers on the trails, all of whom had strange experiences to tell, startling events in their own lives. He had heard

many tales of Daniel Boone, who was well known to his father and many of the older men of Kentucky. But his hero was Gen. Anthony Wayne, commonly known as "Mad Anthony." The tale of Stony Point ran through the Wilderness, and thrilled the hunters by their camp fires. He was known as one of the most trusted of Washington's lieutenants, and a thrill of delight went all through the West when it was known that Washington had ordered "Mad Anthony" to the Ohio, to make peace with the Indians, or to compel peace by war. The tidings ran from house to house in Kentucky. "Little Turtle," the mighty Indian chief, was master of the Wilderness then; he had defeated Gen. Arthur St. Clair, and the Indians of the Miami or as it was more commonly called the Maumee, felt that he was the "lord of the wild." Some Kentuckians had fallen in the battle, but hundreds had stayed at home because they would not fight

under St. Clair, whose ability they very properly distrusted.

One day, when young Thomas Lincoln heard the news, he dropped his broadaxe and sought for some important person to whom he might tell the news. He thought of the Berrys, who lived a few miles away, though the distance counted for little in those days. As he neared the cabin he saw a girl standing in the door. Tossing his hat into the air, he shouted—

“Hoorah!”

The girl came out to meet him.

“Why do you scream out?” said she; “have you found Sarah?”

“Sarah?” said he, holding his hat in the air. “Who is Sarah? and who are you?”

“I am Nancy.”

“Nancy who?”

“Nancy Hanks, and I have come to live with Aunt Berry and Betty Sparrow. Don’t you know? I was left all alone, and

Aunt Berry she takes children. Sarah is coming to live with her when she returns from captivity. Aunt Berry was often known from her earlier name of Sparrow. What is your name?"

"Thomas."

"Thomas what?"

"Thomas *Linkern*."

"Your folks came from the east?"

"Yes, pioneers."

"Mine were, too. Aunt Berry!" she called.

Aunt Berry came to the door, running and shaking her apron before her face.

"Thomas?"

"That I am. Great news! It makes my soul go out of me. Hooray!"

"Is it Sarah?"

"No, no, but it will mean that. General Wayne, 'Mad Anthony' of Stony Point, is coming to the Ohio to subdue the Indians, and he will do it. He will pluck the feath-



THOMAS THREW HIMSELF ON THE GROUND

ers of Little Turtle. Did you ever hear the story of Mad Anthony at Stony Point?"

"No, tell us, anything that seems to promise the return of Sarah will do me good just now."

Thomas threw himself on the ground. Mother Berry and Nancy sat down in the doorway. The woods were still, save for the singing of birds.

"It was this way," he began. "Wayne was born of the wind; he had the tempest in him, madness in him, the people said. That isn't true, for my father, who knew him, said he was always cool in danger. But he was called "mad" really because nothing could stop him. Some of his soldiers were at the execution of André. That must have saddened his eyes, for they say that he has a great heart. Wayne, Wayne, he is coming to bring back *Sarah*. Washington has told him to do so."

"Did Washington really say that?"

“His soul said it.”

“To Wayne?”

“To Little Turtle. He the same as told Little Turtle that he would have to send Sarah back.”

“And all so far away!”

“The wind has wings.”

Nancy was all wonder now. She, as well as young Thomas, had imagination.

“What has this to do with Stony Point?” she asked.

“It was this way,” said Thomas, glad of the question. “Stony Point had to be taken, and when a thing was to be done in the Revolution, Wayne was the man to do it. So Washington, after Wayne had proposed the expedition, organized a corps of light infantry, to fly as it were, and put Wayne in command, and said to him: ‘You must take Stony Point.’ ‘That is impossible,’ said the war council in their hearts.”

“Stony Point? What was Stony Point?” asked Nancy.

“It was a fortress on a high hill that rose over the Hudson River. The British held it, and had made it, as they thought, so strong that no army could take it. It could, they thought, easily hurl back ten thousand men. It was surrounded by a double row of abatis, as the breastworks were called. The waters of the Hudson flowed on three sides of it. Over all rose the cannon whose blasts would hurl down regiments were they to attempt to ascend.

“‘Stony Point is impregnable,’ said the British; ‘it will hold the Hudson forever!’ And indeed there were few soldiers in the world who would have made the attempt.

“‘Stony Point shall fall,’ said Wayne—Mad Anthony, who was only mad when he thought of the way the British soldiers had treated his countrymen.

“In the middle of July, 1779, Mad An-

thony, with his flying troopers, started to obey Washington's orders. He had once said to Washington, "I would go to the Bottomless Pit if you were to command me!" They traveled by hidden ways so as to arrive at the fortress, that loomed over the river, in the evening.

"They saw the evening lights on the hill gleaming in the air over the river and the morasses. Wayne now led his infantry in Indian file, silently, carefully along the broken shores to the point from which the last dash was to be made.

"Midnight came. The lights in the fortress began to grow pale. The garrison slept, save for the few pickets on guard.

"Wayne now divided his men into two parties. He compelled them to unload their guns lest one, being accidentally discharged, should give the alarm. Then he said, 'To your bayonets now! If any man falters, let the nearest officer give him the steel!' It

was evident that many, if not all, were to fall, but forty men were picked out as the forlorn hope!

“He placed twenty of these before each division of a hundred and twenty men. These two bands of twenty were to break the way, and over their dead bodies those behind were to rush into the fort. Then they marched up the hill in silence.

“ ‘All’s well!’

“So rang out the voice of the sentinels here and there.

“They could hear those voices echoing each other in the night—‘All’s well, all’s well!’

“When Wayne heard the cry, ‘All’s well!’ he said ‘Forward!’

“A wild alarm from the fort rent the air. ‘Awake! arm! We are surrounded!’

“There was a sudden terror. Then the fort blazed. Wayne’s soldiers fell. Wayne himself fell. ‘March on!’ said he. ‘Carry

me into the fort, for I will die there at the head of the column!’

“He did not die. The British fled. It was one of the greatest feats of daring in the history of the world. That man is coming to the Ohio to bring back Sarah. Hurrah for Anthony Wayne!”

He told this tale with many gestures. He put his soul into it and acted it. He used unusual words for a young man of the Wilderness.

Nancy was all eyes and ears. She listened and wondered. She had come to live with her “Aunt” Lucy Berry and the Sparrows, who were her cousins. “Aunt Berry” was the name given her by most of the people in the neighborhood, and “Mother Berry” by the members of her own family.

Nancy Hanks had journeyed with a party from Virginia to Kentucky when she was five years old. The party with whom she had traveled had often been alarmed by

panthers and other wild beasts. They were often surrounded by hostile Indians. Her people had suffered much from the Indians, so that when she heard that this wonderful General Wayne was coming to drive away the savages and restore her long lost cousin Sarah, her heart welled up with joy, and she burst into tears that amazed Thomas, who could not at first understand that this was a girl's way of expressing happiness.

Then, after hearing the story, turning to Thomas, she said:

"I am glad that Wayne is coming to the Wilderness."

"So am I. I hate the Indians like *pizen*," replied Thomas. "If any boy has a right to hate them it is I. My brother Mordecai used to drop down an Indian by sight."

"But there is a saving remnant in all people's hearts," said Nancy compassionately; "so the preachers say, and I think that to

change the hearts of people is better than to kill them."

"Thomas," she continued, "they say that you are in some way a relative of mine, a distant connection. If so, we ought to be friends, and you ought to go into the Wilderness and try to find Sarah. She will be a sister to me when she returns from captivity, and you would be a brother to her too, and how much comfort we would all take together."

"Yes," said Thomas, "I would strike down the Indian that carried her away, just as my brother Mordecai used to do. He was like a lightning flash when he saw an Indian. He never forgot."

"Thomas, a good Indian may have carried her away."

"A good Indian! A good one! Oh, Nancy, what a simple heart you have! You believe something good of everyone. I can see what a heart you have! But the

idea of a good Indian, that seems queer to me after all our family has suffered."

"But, Cousin Thomas, let me call you 'Cousin'; you would be glad to think there are some good Indians, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Nancy, I would be glad to believe that there is something good in everyone, even in the heart of a wolf."

"Well, Cousin Thomas, let me get a little nearer yet to your heart. Some Indian may be protecting Sarah in the wilderness. Now you go out and find her. Find her for me. You would make my heart so happy if you would only find her for me.

"That is a good heart you have, Nancy. I will make a long hunt for Sarah for your sake some day, Nancy."

"And for the sake of Sarah herself, you mean?"

"Yes, for the sake of Sarah."

"And for the Indian's sake."

"Well, that might be."

“And for your own sake. Thomas, for your own sake,” said Nancy, her face glowing. “You may find something in an Indian’s heart that will make for us all a happier life.”

“Oh, Nancy, I am glad I have found you here. What a heart you have to feel for everybody.”

And the boy and girl of two broken families in the Wilderness were from that hour close friends. The three families, the Berrys, the Sparrows and the Hankses were cousins or “connections,” and Thomas Lincoln was also a “connection” of the three families and of the lost Sarah and of Nancy Hanks.

Nancy sat on the doorstep, thinking.

“You said you would go out in the wilderness and look for Sarah for me *some day*,” said she. “I do not like the far-off sound of those words ‘some day.’ It is like me to do things *now*. When Aunt Berry asks me

to spin a carding of wool, I go right at it and I spin. The carding turns into yarn. Don't I make the wheel go round, Aunt Berry?"

"Yes, you do, Nancy, and you are a good girl, one who goes before you are sent. You don't follow; you lead. Thomas, here, follows. You must make to-day to-morrow. He is too much inclined to trust to 'some day.' "

"OO-ee-ei!"

"There is that dog again," said Aunt Berry.

"You go out into the timber and see what he means," said Nancy to Thomas.

Thomas went out into the timber, but did not return. He probably looked for the dog, but concluded that he would return to his own home *now*, and follow up the mystery of the dog some *other* day.

As for little Nancy, she went back to her duties in the cabin. Day after day, as she

spun or carded, she thought of Thomas, and wondered if he really would go after her lost cousin. She was a merry-hearted girl who loved to see every one happy. The orioles sang while they spun their nests in the high sunny tops of the trees that seemed to lean over the earth from the skies. She liked to watch them while at work spinning and singing.

She not only spun for herself, but for others. She went cheerfully to any of the neighbors to spin and sing, or to help any one in need. She liked to go to the houses around Beechlands to work, that she might talk about Sarah, and perhaps find some new clue of her yet unseen sister in the Wilderness.

One day she went to spin for a Mrs. Speed, an infirm widow lady. She spun there often, in summer time, by the open door. The cardinal flashed by at times on red wings. The old lady and Nancy en-

joyed the landscape of meadows and streams that was full of sunshine and song.

“Mrs. Speed,” said Nancy, “I love to talk on things that relate to our future life. Did you ever have any doubt that we would live hereafter?”

“None, Nancy.”

A meadow lark arose in the air on its little strong, gray wings, and began to sing. The song, like that of the English skylark, seemed to spread.

“Nancy,” said Mrs. Speed, “can you believe that that bird was once an egg?”

“I must.”

“And that its wing was once confined by a shell, and that an instinct led it to break the shell, and to find the air?”

“I must,” said Nancy, stopping in her interest.

“And the instinct of the song was once in the egg, and that the joy of the song

was also in the egg, or the instinct of the joy of the song?"

"Yes," said Nancy.

"Then, my girl, what can you not believe?"

The lark came down to its nest.

"I see the mystery of life now," said Nancy.

"Then spin on and sing. The things that are unseen are eternal. But, Nancy, Nancy, look there."

An old Indian woman with a light robe had come in full view out into the open. She strode along stoutly, stopping at times, and keeping back a little girl with a side pressure of her hand. Before her ran, or rather leaped, a little dog.

Nancy rose up. Mrs. Speed beckoned to the Indian woman. The girl who had been held back came into view, and called in pure English:

"Sing—she wants you to sing."

“Who wants me to sing?” said Nancy.

“Mother.”

“Come to us, and I will sing,” said Nancy.

“Oo-oi!”

Nancy leaped up. “Sarah?” she called doubtfully.

The old woman uttered a cry and began to hobble away, holding by the wrist the girl who had spoken the English words. In a few minutes the two had disappeared in the bushes that grew by the river. Suddenly an Indian who had approached from the timber at the back of the house stood before them, and said in a broken voice:

“She hide from white folk. Moo-May she lub the little white child. She hide her—the little dog—he watch. When the little dog he scent danger, he say ‘oo-oi’”—imitating the dog.

Nancy jumped at the imitation.

“Go find the little white girl,” said she.
“I’ll give you money, wampum.”

“She no come back. She lub her mudder and the little dog. Her mudder and the little dog lub her, and he say ‘oo-oi’ to hide her away.

Mrs. Speed brought to the Indian bread and butter, which he called honey.

“Sit down,” said Mrs. Speed.

The Indian sat down and ate.

“Who is the old Indian woman?” asked Nancy.

“Ask the bushes—ask the air—I know not.”

“Who is the little girl?” asked Nancy.

“I no—know.”

“Go with me—help find her?” asked Nancy.

“No-go.”

“Why?”

“Old woman she carry an arrow under her feather blanket. She shoot keen. I go away now.”

He went into the timber, and Nancy took

up her work again, telling Mrs. Speed above the buzzing of the wheel the story of the lost Sarah.

Nancy was thoughtful after the story. Sarah haunted her—was this girl she had seen the lost Sarah?

She looked up to Mrs. Speed over the still wheel.

“What you said to me about the bird and the egg,” said she, “leads me to see the value of the soul.”

“There is no value but soul value,” said Mrs. Speed. “Spirit is the only reality.”

“What can I do, a poor orphan girl, to make myself useful to the world?”

“Help everyone, and hinder none. Forgive everyone, as you say the Lord’s Prayer. Forget yourself and make your life a sacrifice.”

“That I will,” said Nancy, “Sarah can be found if she is still living, and I will not rest until I find her.”

“‘He that seeketh findeth,’ is a law of life,” said Mrs. Speed.

It was very common for people in those days to quote Scripture, and many of their expressions were much the same as Shakespere used.

Nancy went home in the evening. The night birds were singing—the lonely whip-poor-will—and she too sang as she passed along the timbers, into which the great moon shone like a night sun, glimmering in the woodland streams.

As she neared home she heard a cry. It ended in “oo-oi!” Had the mysterious dog heard her footsteps? Did he know that she was dangerous to those whom he was guarding? Should she hurry towards him and awaken that cry again?

She resolved to do so at any risk. She hastened in the direction from which the sound came.

The quiet woodland meadows appeared

amid gathering dews. The grouse flew up from the sea of moonlight. She listened here and there.

Silence.

And after watching a long time she went home. The next day she went again to the same place, but could find no trace of any human being.



CHAPTER IV

PEIDY, THE HEIFER

THOMAS LINCOLN soon again came to the Berrys and told another heroic story. A curious thing happened.

A cow came up to the door from the sweet-grass fields, and lay down in the yard before the door.

“She acts as if she were one of the family,” said Thomas.

“She is,” said Nancy. “That is Peidy.”

“Is she yours?” asked Thomas.

“Yes, my father left her to me in his will. He bequeathed, as the will said, one heifer yearling, called ‘Gentle,’ to his daughter Elizabeth, one heifer yearling to his daughter Polly, which heifer was called ‘Lady,’ and one heifer yearling, ‘Peidy,’ to his

daughter Nancy, and that cow was the heifer 'Peidy.' "

"She will soon be an old cow," said Thomas.

"Yes, but I brought her up from a calf, and for father's sake I always want to keep her. She was mother's as well as mine, for all the property was mother's while she lived, but when she had to give up anything she would say to me, 'Nancy, always keep Peidy.' The animal is like one of the family to me. See, I have built a shelter for her out there, and when she is lonesome she comes and lies down on the grass in the yard near me. She understands me, and I her; she knows her name, and will come to me when I call her, and I hang a bell on her neck when she goes into the timber. She always comes home at night to be milked. I keep an old milk pail and stool, and I sometimes wear the old milk pail on my head when it rains, and I have kept the same

milking stool for years—see it out there, the one with three legs.

“Peidy always comes to me when she gets into trouble. When she was attacked by a wildcat that leaped upon her neck, she ran home to me and I beat off the wildcat with the milking stool. In the winter she will come in the afternoon and chew her cud before the western window, where I work, and in the summer days she will stand looking into the door to see me spin.”

Thomas thought to himself that it was strange a girl should have a cow for a pet. He liked squirrels better, but he thought it wise to say nothing of that, and so praised her spinning.

“Nancy is lively at spinning,” said Mother Berry. “She outspins the girls of all the country around, and she can sing—did you ever hear her sing?—just like a nightingale.”

"I never heard a nightingale sing," said Thomas.

"Nor did I," said Mother Berry, but I have heard they sing better than any other bird. She can turn a tune. She sings the campmeeting songs—as:

What ship is this that is now sailing by?

"Did you ever see a ship?" asked Thomas.

"No, no," said Mother Berry. "But song folks most like to sing about things they have never seen. I like such songs as—

And oft upon Araby's green sunny highlands. I don't know where Araby is, but that don't matter as long as it is in my head. Nancy, sing to Thomas, My brother, I wish you well."

Nancy "tuned up" to use the wilderness phrase, and gave the camp meeting greeting.

"She learned these songs from her

mother. The camp meeting in Virginia had been the event of the year.” “Now,” said Mother Berry, “Sing the new camp meeting song of the wilderness:

There’s the sound of a gong in the mulberry trees.

Queerly enough Nancy changed her position, and sat down by Peidy as she sang this “great” song. The words of the song predicted a coming religious revival.

“Now sing the song of all songs, the one that flies, and goes round and round and round and round. It always makes me want to dance. I used to dance in Virginia. Peidy likes that song.”

“How do you know that, Mother Berry?”

“Peidy always shakes the bushy part of her tail when she likes anything. Nancy, sing ‘Canaan’ to Thomas. It is a very uplifting and *happyfying* song. I like happyfying music—it makes the future look

bright. A soul is always happy as long as it has bright prospects, as long as it feels that it is moving on towards something higher.”

Nancy sang “Canaan” and made the woods ring. She repeated the word “happy” in the chorus, “My happy, happy home,” and clapped her hands in the old Methodist way as she did so. Mother Berry turned her eyes towards the skies as the phrase came into the chorus, and clapped her hands also.

Together let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land
of Canaan.

Together let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land
of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land
of Canaan;

O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the
land of Canaan.

If you get there, before I do, I am bound for the land
of Canaan.

Look out for me, I’m coming, too, I am bound for the
land of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land
of Canaan.

O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the
land of Canaan.

I have some friends before me gone, I am bound for
the land of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land
of Canaan.

O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the
land of Canaan.

Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I'm bound for
the land of Canaan.

While still their joys they rise, I am bound for the
land of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land
of Canaan.

O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the
land of Canaan.

Then come with me, beloved friend, I am bound for
the land of Canaan.

The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for
the land of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land
of Canaan.

O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the
land of Canaan.

And Peidy wiggled her bushy tail as in a
state of great satisfaction.

“And to think that we can have all *that*
and Kentucky, too,” said Mother Berry.

Those were merry days in the wilderness

of Kentucky, save for the ever-present fear of Indians or wolves.

Nancy had learned much from the camp-meetings, which were a sort of spiritual school in the wilderness, and which all people attended as the club social occasions as well as for religious purposes. She had a mind that was always associating itself with what was superior, and such minds grow. Her aunt had sent her to a girls' school, and she had been taught to read and to write. She always sought the company of those who knew the most, and often wished she could learn more and have many books to read.

"Nancy has a lively mind," said Thomas. "She would be something in the world if she had a chance."

And Nancy was trying to make something out of Thomas, whose chief theme was hatred of the red men.

"There is something good to be found

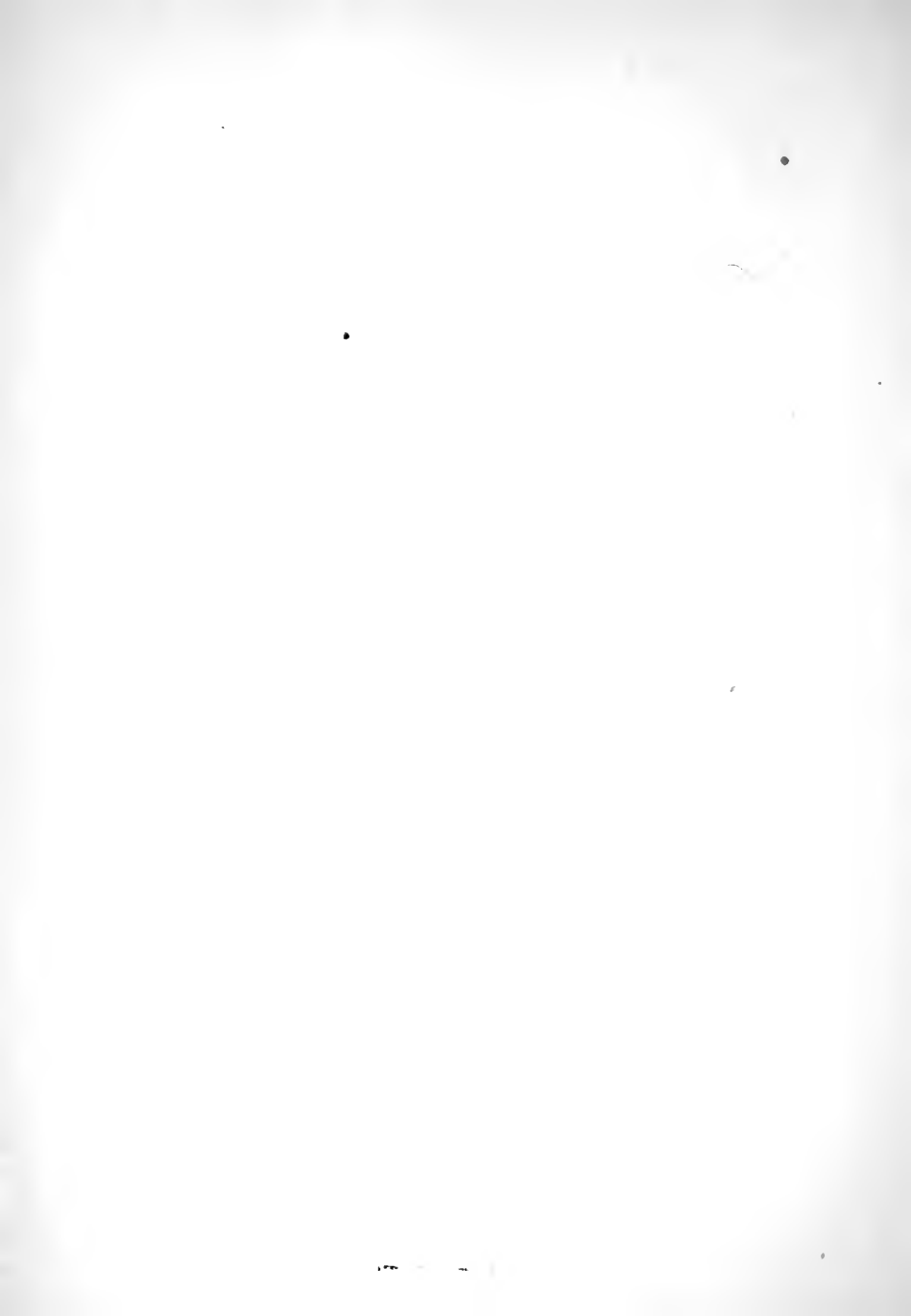
even in an Indian," she said to Thomas one day when he came over to visit her and hear the hum of the spinning-wheel.

"Don't say that, Nancy," said he. "Think of Sarah; but Wayne is coming on the wings of the wind. He will clear the woods of Indians, wolves and wildcats. Wait and see."

Nancy's eyes of imagination glowed.

"And you must follow Wayne in search for Sarah," said she. "That will be a happy day to us all when she returns from captivity."

She seemed to see Wayne flying on wings through the wilderness, the Indians fleeing before him, and Thomas bringing back the lost Sarah to her after the war, and she fancied that she would teach Sarah to spin, and that together they would outspin all the girls in the country around.



CHAPTER V

THE SEARCH FOR SARAH

ALTHOUGH Nancy's thoughts were constantly on Sarah, it did not interfere with her tasks. Her deft fingers were constantly at work with wool and flax, so that she really astonished everyone as a spinner among women who had spun all their lives and considered it their chief accomplishment. Her social position was the same as that of the young girl who is the most expert piano player in the neighborhood. With Peidy chewing her cud before the open door and the birds all singing in the sunny tops of the trees, how her wheel would buzz and fly! Old people came and sat on the wooden door-step just to hear the wheel go round.

She liked to sing as she spun. Thomas Lincoln liked to come over to the Berry cabin and throw himself on the grass beside Peidy. He would listen to Nancy's songs of the Wilderness as her wheel buzzed. His fancy was an active one; but he couldn't think well if he worked, and, though he wasn't exactly lazy, he was not energetic except by spells.

One day, as he was thus listening to Nancy's singing, the wheel suddenly stopped.

"Thomas!"

"Well, what is it now, Nancy?"

"When are you going into the wilderness to look for—"

"A good Indian, Nancy?"

"No, to look for Sarah?"

"As soon as Wayne's troops are here."

"Thomas, I sometimes think Sarah passes around here with an Indian guide in the night. She does not know me. She cannot

know you. She would not know Mother Berry, but the Indian who owned her might know who Mother Berry was. I think of Sarah all the time. I want you to go out and have a long search for her. You are always promising to do so. Why don't you do it?"

"Would you be willing that I should bring back with Sarah the squaw who owned her?" asked Thomas.

"Yes."

"What would you do with the squaw?"

"I should change her heart. I would make her a friend to both Sarah and me."

"I will make a long hunt to find her if I need to, after Wayne and his men pass by."

" 'Reuben went to the pit and Joseph was not there,' " said Nancy, quoting an old campmeeting text. "I will tell you what I am going to do, Thomas. Mother Berry has more plates than she needs. I am go-

ing to put an empty plate on the table every time we eat.”

“What for, Nancy?”

“To keep Sarah in mind. I would want to be remembered if I were wandering alone in the wilderness.”

And so Nancy placed the empty plate on the table every day, and, as often as a traveler or a wayfarer asked the family concerning it, she would answer:

“It is for Sarah when she returns from captivity.”

Thomas could not read or write, but he had learned much even in his 'teens from the forest philosophers whom he had met, and Nancy thought him an unusually smart boy, and such he really was. She liked to talk with him. On his visits he often brought his broadaxe with him.

One day, when Peidy was chewing her cud beneath the cool maples near, Nancy questioned Thomas in regard to his broad-

axe, which was one of the most essential tools of the pioneer.

“Do you ask me about my axe made from the iron of the earth? Well, you may fix your eye upon it. It builds cabins, it erects houses. But for the broadaxe, Columbus could not have found the pine lands; but for the broadaxe, the American forests would not fall to make way for the people of the worn out world.”

“But what and who made the axe?” asked Nancy.

“The furnace; and the heart of the furnace is the fire, and the source of the fire is the sun. A man with an open way and the broadaxe may build for his children a nobler nation than those whose walls the broadaxe battered down in the past.”

Nancy considered such thoughts as these very wonderful. To her, Thomas became a knight of the broadaxe. She had read in her school book of the knights of old, and

her fancy kindled at every heroic suggestion.

The Kentucky wilderness was now changing rapidly. It was everywhere crossed by adventurers, by many worthy people seeking better homes for their families, by free hunters, and by outlaws.

Thomas always tried to gain something to add to his knowledge of the world, from all whom he chanced to meet. Such, among the rest, were the wandering school masters, some of whom had theories to propound, and some things to sell. And it is interesting to know something about these strolling teachers, who had a little more education than the ordinary people, but often not much energy or common sense, else they would not have been contented with the meagre pittance they received for teaching school when they could have made a good living by a little manual labor.

One of the friends of Thomas was a wan-

dering school teacher whose name may be given here as Tracy. His own recommendations were that he could teach the three Rs (*Reading*, *'Riting*, and *'Rithmetic*) and "lick" boys. The last was very essential in backwoods schools. But in those days it was necessary to catch boys before "licking" them, which was no easy thing to do, for the offender would leap out of the paper-covered window, with a whoop, and be gone into the bushes under the birds' nests, to the astonishment of the birds.

This man Tracy had a business mind, like a modern speculator.

"You see this rod," said he one day to Thomas. "It is a magic rod. It bends down towards the streams under ground. I will use it for you for one dollar."

"But I don't need it. There is water enough for us and our team above ground."

"But, Linkern, my rod can find gold. It will bend down above a streak of gold in the

crumbling rocks under the ground. It will make you rich. I need money; for five dollars I will part with the rod—it shall be yours.”

“You say you need money. Why do you not find gold for yourself, good man?”

“Why, I am not as much of a philosopher as Newton was, and I never thought of that. But let me sell you this one, and I will get another one. I know how. I will sell you this fortune-finder for five dollars.”

“But I haven’t the five dollars.”

Young Lincoln liked to carry such anecdotes as these to the Berrys and to tell them to Mothey Berry, to Nancy and to Peidy, as the latter lay down under the maples very complacently when the others took their places on the log steps in the shadow of the cabin.

But the one question that waited his coming from Nancy was—

“Have you found any clue to the wanderings of Sarah?”

Thomas would ever be compelled to answer that his inquiries had been in vain, but he would sometimes in turn ask:

“Have you heard the wolf-dog cry again?”

CHAPTER VI

WAYNE IN THE WILDERNESS

IT was rumored in the towns along the Ohio River that Wayne was organizing the army of the north-east, and the cheering words went with the news that "Where goes Wayne there goes victory."

There were many empty places in the cabins of Kentucky. The Indians had at last a long day of revenge, and their delight was to carry away captives and to make slaves of them.

"Wayne is coming!" A horseman cried out the words as he flew past the Berry cabin, where Mother Berry stood in the doorway. She tried to stop him, calling out loudly, but he seemed to come and go with the wind.

Wayne! Would he pass the house? Mother Berry wondered. She ran often to the door during her work to see.

“Spin in the sight of the door, Nancy,” she said, “and see if there be any upward flight of birds, in the down roadway. The sky will grow black with crows if he pass the pines.”

Nancy spun and sang. The sky was serene. Afar the axeman was heard.

Presently the far sky was black with cawing crows.

“Mother Berry, he is coming—something has scared the crows. Look, look!”

A company of horsemen came breaking through the pines. Among them was a leader in such fine uniform with a cockade that Mother Berry felt at once he was General Wayne, who was famous for his fine military dress.

She waved her hand to him.

“Stop! stop!” she cried, “and see what I

have got in store for you—I'll be a mother to you."

Gen. Wayne reined in his horse.

"Give me some water from the spring, madam, and so speed a soldier on his way."

"Get down, get down," said Mother Berry," and I will do better for you than that. You are Gen. Wayne, I can see that by your cockade; come in and try my roast vension, and my cake all speckled with berries, and my cordials; bring your men into the cabin. I can provide enough for all."

The General dismounted and entered courteously.

"Be seated at the table," said Mother Berry. "You must be hungry, after your long ride. Let your men fill the table. But here, I must set out the empty plate—that is for Sarah, when she returns from captivity."

"Who is Sarah, my generous friend?" said the General.

“She was carried away captive by the Indians. We keep an empty plate at the table for her. You are going to rescue her. There are many Sarahs whom the folks are expecting that you will bring home again. You fight to win; let the Wilderness rejoice!”

“Madam, if this arm can do it, and it can, I will bring back Sarah to this hospitable table, whoever Sarah may be. I will clear the Wilderness of the Redskins that rob or murder or make slaves of the pioneers’ children. Won’t we, gentlemen?”

A cheer arose—“*Vive* General Wayne!”

“Madam, these are my staff. We are riding ahead. The army is moving towards the Ohio. Listen!”

There was a beating of drums as of a company of soldiers in the distance.

“Now, gentlemen, let the forks fly, and the red cordial flow!”

The officers ate and drank merrily.

“How much, madam, shall we pay you for this timely repast?”

“How much?—do you think I would take money for *that*—when you are going to rescue Sarah?”

The General arose.

“Gentlemen, Gallants,—look at this—” He held up the empty plate.

“This empty plate waits for Sarah, who has been carried away by the Redskins into captivity. Pledge yourselves to this good woman, that you will rescue her Sarah, and all other Sarahs from the Redskins.”

“I pledge it, I pledge it—” shouted all.

“Cheer this woman with the great heart as you go. Cheer! cheer! and then leap upon your horses. Cheer for wilderness hospitality! for Sarah! for Washington! for the American army! Cheer, cheer, and away, away!”

“Wait, General, and be silent, all. ’Tis

a woman who commands you," said Aunt Berry.

"Silence!" said the General.

"You must take with you the empty pewter plate. Hang it on the flagstaff. Look at it, in peril, in the long march, and in the thick of the fight. Let it stand for Sarah—for all the Sarahs who hope to come back from captivity."

"Tie the plate to the flagstaff," said the General. "It is a woman who commands us."

The plate burnished to look like silver was attached to the flagstaff and rose in the air like a Roman eagle.

"It shall come back again. My men, shall it not return again?"

The plate was given to the color-bearer, who swore he would be true to his trust.

"It goes away for the freedom of the Wilderness," said Wayne.

“For the freedom of the Wilderness,”
said Mother Berry.

“Let me sing a song to Wayne,”
The General raised his hat.

“Let us hear the little bird of the Wilderness sing,” said he.

Nancy stood on the log step before the door. She poured forth her voice in an old camp-meeting refrain which was really an adaptation of an old Scotch ballad sung by Nancy’s ancestors for centuries, ending in the refrain:

“ ‘I try to prove faithful,
I try to prove faithful,
I try to prove faithful
’Till we meet to part no more.’ ”

She went on through many stanzas ’till all ears were made familiar with the simple strain. Wayne stood with bowed head. When she ceased, he threw up his hat, and said, “Now, all!”

"*We'll try to prove faithful,*" the officers sang.

Wayne turned to Nancy.

"If I return this way, perhaps you will sing to me again," said he.

Nancy courtesied.

"I will sing you that song in regard to the 'Conquering Hero,' " said she.

"May that day come!" said Wayne.

Cheer after cheer, in lusty voices, rose in the air. Then Wayne leaped upon his horse, and the others as quickly.

Away, away—they vanished. Wayne looked back—Mother Berry waved her apron.

"I'll remember the empty plate," cried Wayne.

He was gone. The gay uniforms vanished. The plate gleamed under the flag.

Mother Berry sat down before the door and cried.

"He'll bring back Sarah," said she. "I

can feel it in my bones—some people can feel that way. This has been a day to live over again, some days linger in the memory—this is one of them.”

How had Sarah disappeared?

Thomas had often asked this question, but Nancy did not know the details, and Aunt Berry had only promised to give an account of it at some infare which should be given, so that all her neighbors might learn little Sarah's story. And now, to the delight of Thomas, such an occasion was at hand.

An infare! What is an infare? It was what would be called to-day a “house-warming,” usually given when a bride was brought home. The opening of the door of a new house in the wilderness was no common event. It was celebrated by a day of merriment and an evening of jollity.

The new house whose doors were to be opened by this jolly infare was to be one for the entertainment of all. The “raising” of

the frame of the house had been an occasion for merriment, for the rude roofs and chimneys had long been building.

The new house was finished in the clearing of the wilderness; its hospitable door was hung, and the oiled paper windows were placed, as beautiful to the pioneers' eyes as those of the rose windows of Cologne Cathedral.

The infare was always hailed as a festival of progress. Every pioneer rejoiced at the inauguration of a new home, amid abundant hospitality, forest fiddles, and rollicking songs, and pious hymns. Such an event was a signal for thanksgiving and merriment, and was hailed, to use the common term, by "all the country 'round."

CHAPTER VII

THE INFARE

WHENEVER circumstances permitted, the infare was made the occasion of more ceremonial than was used on any other social occasion. This time the wedding was to take place in the new home instead of in that of the bride. A prayer was to be offered up for the army of General Wayne. Then were to follow the kindling of the fire on the new hearth, the prayer of the dedication of the house to family life, and the wedding. Then merriment was to follow.

According to the custom of making a whole day of it, the people began to gather in the afternoon: and as the harvest moon rose over the wide sea of dark green forests, the house had filled and the infare began.

Betty Sparrow, and the "Song Sparrow," Nancy Hanks, sat down by a large oak table, near which the first fire was to be kindled. Nancy had brought to the festival table the "waiting plate," like the one which the soldiers of Wayne had borne away.

The guests gathered eagerly around the two where lay the "waiting plate," and an old clergyman, named Mercer, raised his hand, and said solemnly:

"Silence, my good friends, all, Mother Berry is about to speak. She will make clear to us how much we will have to be thankful for when Wayne shall move upon our enemies and bring peace to the Wilderness. She will utter with the voice of the Wilderness, and make us rejoice that the captive children shall be returned again, and that the Wilderness itself will one day pass away. God speaks to us by the waiting plate."

Aunt Berry turned towards the clergyman.

“Elder Mercer, I speak of little Sarah as my own daughter, but she was not so by birth. Her real name was Mitchell, and I am her aunt; but, when Nancy’s father and mother died, I used to look out of my cabin door to see if Nancy were not coming to me through the trees, and at last she came, and she is now a child of my heart. So it shall be with Sarah Mitchell—her own folks are gone, and when she comes back from captivity, it will be to me.

“I take children, and make them my own. Nancy Hanks is my own, and Sarah Mitchell, when she comes back from captivity, will be my own.

“We say that the Redman has no heart, but a mother is a mother. My hope for Sarah is in an Indian mother’s heart.

“There was an Indian woman that wandered about the country, whom they called

‘Old Heth’ or ‘Moo-May’ or ‘Moi-Mai.’ She was not old, but her form became familiar, so the borderers called her ‘old.’ She carried a little girl baby about with her, and seemed to have a strong love for it. She did not strap it to her back, but folded it to her breast, and it seemed her delight to look into its eyes. She called it after an Indian word that I cannot pronounce now—meaning the ‘Light of her Eyes.’

“The little girl sickened and died. After the child’s death Heth or Moo-May wandered up and down the long Indian trails. When she met a traveller she would beat upon her breast and say—‘It is empty, gone, gone, gone! I sleep under hay stacks—trouble dwells in houses, and cabins, and all. Gone, gone, gone! My bosom dies. Where has vanished the Light of my Eyes? Why did the Mighty One give me the Light of my Eyes? Was it to make the world that we

cannot see more bright to me than the sun-world? Gone, gone, gone!’

“I can even seem now to hear her wail. When the north wind came, and rattled the leaves in the autumn trees, she would cry out as to the sky. Whatever your feelings against the Indian may be, Moo-May was capable of noble impulse and had a human heart. In that heart I have hope, as I have said.

‘The Indian war came, as you know. The savages swept down on the settlements, startling the air with their merciless war whoops, and vanishing with their red scalps lifted on poles which they bore through the air.

“I was young then, and the first time my heart palpitated with fear when I heard the *Shar-a-gar-gar* of their war whoop.

“One day, on my journey to Kentucky, I was out in the berry bushes, and my little niece Sarah, whom I called my daughter,

was with me. The war whoop sounded; it seemed to come from the rocks. I caught up the child, and fled towards a shelter, when the savages crossed the path. Suddenly Moo-May appeared. She said: 'Give me the child.' She took Sarah from me.

“*‘Shar-a-gar-gar!’* The Indians were upon me. I was stricken down. I recovered my senses slowly and rose up and looked around. Moo-May was seated upon the trunk of a tree that had fallen, and was covered with mosses and running vines. The Indians were gone, and Sarah was nowhere to be seen.

“*‘Shar-a-gar-gar!’* Another band of Indians came whooping down with red scalps dangling in the air. I fell back, pretending to be dead. The dreadful warriors passed by like a hurricane. I rose up again. *Moo-May had gone.* Where was Sarah? My heart has been asking the question ever since that hour. Had Heth been treacher-

ous to me, and gone with the whooping savages?

“Sarah’s father came riding up on horseback.

“‘Where is Sarah?’ he asked, almost breathlessly.

“‘Gone!’ said I, ‘vanished.’

“‘Did the Indians carry her away?’

“‘No, Moo-May, the old Indian, had her. I gave Sarah to her to hide.’

“‘Where is Moo-May?’

“‘I do not know—vanished.’

“‘I will ride after the Indians.’

“He attempted to cross a stream.

“Crack! It was an Indian rifle. Sarah’s father fell into the stream, and drifted away.

“Where is Sarah? Ask the forest, the winds, the streams. Ask Moo-May. Ask the heart of a mother. Moo-May had been a mother.

“There is her waiting plate. I have set

it down amid the plates of others. If Sarah be living, the hope to find her lies in the Indian mother's heart and in Wayne. I think that Moo-May hid her behind the log till the Indians passed by, then fled with her.

“That *awful* scene was five years ago—when Sarah disappeared in the storm of warwhoops. I have never seen Moo-May since. Did she give Sarah up to the savages, or hide her and protect her? I do not know. The plate waits. But the *mother* that was in that Indian's heart, who herself had lost a child, makes me hope for the return of Sarah from captivity.”

She held up the waiting plate and called out “Sarah! Sarah!” There was a deep silence, when her lips trembled and she said:

“Nancy, you may sing now.”

Nancy, timid and beautiful, stood up, her eyes full of sympathy, her braided hair falling down her back.

Her voice rippled out like a song-bird that

had been bereft of its nest. She sang first the ballad of Lord Lovell, which her ancestors had sung for hundreds of years, and which is still sung in the mountains. Then, when they wanted more, she sang "Barbara Allen," and finally the "Nut-Brown Maid."

The table had been set bountifully. On the new board was a barbacued sheep, bear meat, venison, wild turkey and ducks, maple sugar served in gourds, honey, fruits and delicious drinks.

The house was not completed on the inside, and there was no stairway. The men went up to the garret room on pegs, and there slept at night on beds or bunks of leaves or straw.

Thomas, who lived at a distance, stayed over-night at the house. As he was ascending the pegs, a strange sound caught his ears. It was the cry of a dog. He stopped on the pegs, swung himself out, and said:

"Instinct is better than reason. I some-

how feel that cry has some connection with Sarah."

"Sarah!" cried Nancy. "Sarah! Do you think the Indian woman that carried her away is near?"

The cry came again. Thomas shook one hand, holding by the other to the peg: "Listen!"

"Cry-cry-ee-ei!" It was a sharp, pitiful sound. Again and again it rang, outhaunting the night.

"If I knew how to do it, I would give *that* dog some of the barbacue," said the feeling Nancy.

Thomas swung himself up the pegs into the loft, and said:

"Goodnight, women folks."

The women who were to remain over night with the family sat down to wonder over what Thomas had said about the dog. Was the lost Sarah with the Indian woman

still, and was the dog that made this peculiar sound with them both?

Nancy lay down at midnight to dream of Sarah. Could she but find her, she would have a sister, and what stories of the wilderness the captive might tell. From that night her mind followed as in a vision the suggestion that Thomas had made.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WOLF-DOG

“CRY-OO-OO-OI!”

“There is that wolf-dog again,” said Mother Berry, a few days later. “There he is, see, looking out of the thorn bushes as if he were expecting me to call him. Here, doggie, here!”

She stood in the door and waved her apron in friendly fashion.

The wolf-dog came out of the thorn bushes and at first moved towards her cautiously, but his fears gained the mastery over his inclinations and he moved back into the bushes. Did some one call him back? Had he a master or a mistress there? If so, who?

“I declare, I always feel as though there

was either some good or some evil eye watching me out of my sight when that sound falls upon my ear. That dog is owned by some one who is invisible—at least invisible to me. I think whoever owns him feels kindly toward me, and that's what makes the dog act so friendly. The folks we do not see make atmospheres for us. We feel the friendliness of friends even when they do not speak to us. I am going to put a fresh locker on the hitching post, and call out, 'Here, doggie, here!' "

She brought a haunch of venison out of the log cabin and set it up on the hitching post and called again and again in such a friendly tone that it set the call birds to answering and inquiring. The blue jays came out of the sunny woods and lit about the place on the clumps of bushes.

Presently the wolf-dog came boldly out of the bushes, seeming to feel that there was no treachery in the voice that called him.

He approached the hitching post, seized the fat haunch of the deer, unhitched it from the nail, and bore it away to the cover of the thorn bushes.

“S-S’sh, S-S’sh,” said Mother Berry, “I am going to follow him!”

She did, but when she came to the thorn patch she found the venison upon the ground. The dog had vanished. No one was to be seen, but some one had been there, for here was an open place among the thorn bushes, and the leaves were gathered together in a sheltered place. Some one had made a bed there and had watched the house from it. Was the eye an Indian’s? Was it that of a man or a woman? Was it an evil eye or a friendly one?

Mother Berry asked one more question which many settlers would have asked, but of which no one would think to-day: Was the eye a witch’s, or of some spirit of good?

She believed that it was the eye of grati-

tude watching her with good will and that the strange wolf-dog followed that good willing eye. Such notions were common in the Wilderness, which was in fact full of revengeful eyes which lurked in thickets to do evil. But there was some satisfaction in knowing that an Indian, if once a friend, was always a friend.

Mother Berry had always treated Indians well, although there was no particular Indian to whom she had attached herself. That fact made the matter more mysterious; to be followed by a friendly wolf-dog, with a master or mistress unseen, now became the mystery of her life. Many people have a personality that they do not recognize themselves, and Mother Berry had a good heart that others saw, but which was not recognized by herself. A good heart is an unconscious influence. Mother Berry, "who took to children," carried an atmosphere about her whose influence was indirect, but

produced a spark of the sunlight that shines for all. Does the sun see himself shine?

A few minutes later Thomas Lincoln arrived, and when Aunt Berry gave her idea that there was a good Indian watching over them, he would have none of it. When Nancy insisted that it might be so, Thomas told them the story of his father's death as his reason for hating all Indians. Nancy was eager to hear the details of the story, of which she had known only the main facts.

"I was seven years old," said Thomas, "when my father went with his three sons to fell some timber and make our clearing larger. He and I were with the oxen at one edge of the woods, while my brothers, Mordecai and Josiah, were grubbing a stump some distance away. The log house was in the center of the clearing, and we were anxious to get many trees cut down so that no Indian could hide in the woods and shoot a person in the doorway. Also we wanted

to be out of reach of the arrows which the Indians could shoot for long distances. Sometimes they would put lighted punk on their arrows and shoot them onto the roofs in the hope of setting the cabin afire.

“We had been at work some time, and father had felled a large tree, trimmed the branches, and cut the trunk into three logs. The oxen were just hitched to one log and father was punching the off steer with his goad when I heard the crack of a rifle, and father fell over at my feet.

“Small as I was, I at once knew that an Indian had shot him, and I set up a cry. My brothers were about twenty rods away, but they at once knew what was the trouble.

“‘Run to the stockade for help,’ said Mordecai to Josiah, who immediately disappeared in that direction, while Mordecai got to the house as quick as he could.

“For some reason on that day no one had

taken a rifle, but even if they had it would have been madness to stay in the clearing.

“When my father fell he knocked me over and I was so scared that I lay still. He made not a single sound. The rifle ball hit him over the heart, and his warm blood trickled all over me.

“I was almost beside myself with fear, but I knew that it was dangerous to move. Finally I managed to get my head up and, looking around, could see no one. Then I got up, thinking I would run for the house. At that moment an Indian in full war paint came out of the woods not twenty feet from me.

“I knew at once that he intended to scalp my father and carry me away as prisoner. He had evidently reloaded his rifle, but carried it by his side and made no effort to shoot me. There were many stumps in the clearing, and I thought maybe I could run

zig-zag, hiding behind one after another, and thus get to the cabin.

“As I turned to run I saw Mordecai’s rifle pointing out of the loop-hole near the door. I was directly between him and the Indian, and if he fired, I would be killed. On this I fell flat on my face but the Indian picked me up and carried me to where my father lay. Mordecai’s aim was sure. Though he took the chance of killing me, he fired and the Indian fell dead across the body of my father. I was unhurt.

“I was now more scared than ever. What if the woods were full of Indians? I managed to crawl on my stomach behind some limbs from the tree we had just felled, and waited to see what would happen.

“Soon another Indian appeared in the woods looking anxiously from behind a beech tree. Mordecai must have seen him, for he fired, but did not touch the Indian, who jumped behind the tree again. From

time to time some five Indians were seen in different parts of the woods, but none came out into view, for Mordecai fired whenever he got sight of one, though he hit none of them. I think they wanted to get the dead body of their comrade, and might have at last done so by sneaking along the ground, when a shout came from the other side of the clearing, and Josiah appeared with a number of our neighbors.

“They did not come to where I lay at first, but, in Indian fashion, spread out to encircle the clearing. They jumped from tree to tree, making in the directions called out by Mordecai from the cabin, but they were not attacked. Evidently the Indians were in no mood for a fight, and they disappeared. The men followed them for hours, but they had made good their escape toward the Ohio.

“I reckon I lay there altogether an hour before help came, but it seemed to me an

eternity. Sometimes it seemed to me as if my heart had stopped beating. Once I put my hand there to feel, and it was covered with the wet blood which had soaked my shirt. When I looked at that red hand, anger filled me until I thought I should burst. My heart now throbbed as if it would break my ribs. When Mordecai found me my teeth were set so I could not open them for a long time. And then and there I swore vengeance for my father's blood. I was not old enough to fire a gun, but from that moment it was my ambition to kill an Indian.

“I never have killed one yet, for Mordecai shot at all who came in sight, and though he has dropped many of them, I will not be avenged until I wash with Indian blood the hand that was stained with father's.”

Thomas had grown excited while talking, and as he closed his story, he stood up, looked

for a moment at the forest, and disappeared toward home without a word of farewell.

“Let us hope,” said Mother Berry, “that General Wayne will kill all the Indians necessary so that Thomas need not have to get vengeance on his own account.”

“Yes,” replied Nancy, “I don’t blame Thomas for his feelings, but I do hope he won’t kill anyone, if not in self-defense. He is too good a boy for that.”

Then she went on spinning. She did not sing, but listened once more for the wolf-dog’s cry, and listened all in vain.

CHAPTER IX

INQUIRING FOR SARAH

ABOUT a month later a traveling backwoodsman came to the house, with an exciting story. He had seen an old Indian woman and a little girl in a green thicket.

“Ah,” said he, “but it was no common face that she had, that black squaw. Her eyes looked at you so queer—and there was something secret in them. The little girl had blue eyes, and when you spoke to her she turned her face to the black squaw’s breast. The crows flew around them cawing, and the squirrels peeked at them from the trees.”

Nancy at once became greatly excited, and called her aunt to hear the rest of the story.

Mrs. Berry came running, throwing her apron over her head for a hood.

“Where was it?” she cried.

“Oh miles away—I could hardly find the place again. It was not far from the Salt Licks.”

“Did you leave her where you found her?”

“Who—the little girl?”

“Yes, yes. I couldn’t take her if I had wanted to; besides I didn’t know to whom she belonged. I didn’t even know you had lost a little girl.”

Mr. Berry now came hurrying at his wife’s call.

“What became of the little girl?” asked he.

“Well, stranger, it was this way; believe it or not; that don’t matter to me. I found the girl and the black squaw together, and I said to myself that this was a stolen child, that somewhere a mother had empty arms.

So I said to the squaw—‘That is a stolen white child.’

“ ‘Who told?’ said she.

“ ‘It tells itself,’ said I.

“ ‘No, no,’ said she. ‘I took child to save. I lost mine; no one likes empty heart. She good child, she love me.’

“ ‘She sat there stolid. A wild partridge came near in the silence, and fluttered across the way. It was a still place, and the old squaw sat silent. She seemed waiting for something.

“ ‘Presently the little white girl started up as though her quick ears had caught a sound. She seemed about to speak, when the squaw waved her hand, before her mouth.

“ ‘I hear—’

“ ‘The squaw waved her hand again, and drew the white child down beside her.

“ ‘Hark!’ said the girl.

“ ‘The squaw touched her lips. What did

it mean? Were Indians coming? I could hear nothing.

“But the white child sat as if listening.

“Then I thought that I heard a sound in the distance.

“‘Stranger,’ at last she said, turning her black eyes to mine, ‘here is a wild gourd shell. Go down hill; fill it with water from spring and don’t get kill by cattle running to cow licks.’

“I took the gourd and went down the trail, which was trodden hard by the feet of an hundred cattle. I found at the foot of the hill a tract of thick bushes, and followed the cattle tracks to a flowing spring. Near it was a salt lick.

“As I came to the place, I heard as it were a thunder of hoofs. Cattle run and plunge when they begin to smell a salt lick. I saw a great herd coming down a bank, dark as a cloud, with plunging heads, and uplifted tails. I stepped into a cluster of trees to

avoid them. They stopped to drink at the spring, and then rushed on to the cow licks.

“I found it hard to find pure, clear water, but I did so at last and filled the gourd, and returned with it to the log where the child and squaw had been. The log was there, but the squaw and the little girl had vanished.

“I inquired at a road house about the squaw and the white child.

“‘I don’t know,’ said the tavern keeper, ‘you can never tell; *she* appears often and then she is gone. They say that she loves the white child. Love? I would think as much of a leather woman having a heart like that. It is a mystery.’ And that is all I know, or can tell about the black squaw and the little white girl. What do you know about them?’”

An exciting talk followed. The Berrys gave the man a supper and a wild-grass bed,

and he went away in the morning towards the "far woods of the Indiana country."

Nancy arose early the next morning. She had not slept. She stood on the doorstep for a while, shaking her sunbonnet, and patting Peidy.

"I am going away a while," said she to Aunt Berry.

But she did not go alone.

CHAPTER X

THE CATHEDRAL UNDER THE TREES

THE Berrys were about the door soon after sunrise, preparing to go to the great yearly camp-meeting. They were waiting only for Thomas, and Nancy was fearful that he might not come. But he did come, and was eagerly welcomed by her.

“You have been promising to go in search of Sarah for a long time. Now let me see whether you can find her. But, mind, she may be in the care of a good Indian, so don’t shoot unless attacked.

“Well,” replied Thomas, “I hope to find her, and at least we can have a good time. I am always better after a camp-meeting, though I’m not sure that I wouldn’t shut out the daylight from an Indian yet. Sup-

pose I were to find a squaw holding Sarah in charge and that she were trying to make into hiding, or would not give her up? I wouldn't be responsible for what I would do. I would remember that day when a merciless red man shot my father."

At once they set out for the great camp-meeting grounds, and found plenty of company. All the people who could possibly do so were on the way.

Some rode in wagons and some were on horseback, with baskets of food on their pack saddles. The Berrys and Sparrows, and the Hankses made a sort of family party, and they had a merry time of it. The weather was fine and the woods never looked more beautiful.

They passed great ponds full of geese, and saltlicks where deer were stalking. Wood fowl with half grown broods were everywhere. The sky was purple and cloudless, and all the air was like a sun-plain.

Many Indian squaws liked to visit camp-meetings, and find shelter on the borders of the camp grounds, where they often sold baskets and ornaments. These were harmless old creatures whose husbands were dead and who never molested the whites, but often gave them valuable information. Nancy hoped by inquiring of all of these that she might be able to find some trace of the squaw who had the white child. All the squaws she knew were fond of her, and she hoped to get into the good graces of the rest. As a rule, the Indians are very secretive, and they do not like to talk about themselves, and so Nancy made up her mind to be very cautious in her questions so as not to arouse suspicion.

Camp-meetings under the influence of Bishop Asbury, and later under the eccentric Peter Cartwright, who was now a boy in this neighborhood, began to be great centers of resort in the beautiful groves of the mighty

empire stretching from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. This movement under Peter Cartwright, "the Kentucky boy," spread rapidly. By some it was called the "Cumberland movement," by others "The New Light Stir," as in New England in the times of Jesse Lee.

The purpose of these great meetings of the pioneers and borderers in the ancient groves was to "get shouting happy," after the views of some of the singular leaders. One of these famous "elders," as they were known, often became "shouting happy," and reached a state of ecstasy that was sometimes out of his normal senses. His idea of heaven was that it would be a great camp-meeting of "shouting happy people" under some Cumberland valley groves, or amid farm gardens like those of the sunny and glorious Shenandoah. And here let me say that while I am not a Methodist, I have no disposition to criticize the old camp-meet-

ing, although it represented largely what we to-day call the "emotional" in religion. The camp-meeting of the Middle West brought forth harvests of good; it gave to the atmosphere the view that the great philosopher Kant gave to Germany, that "spirit is the only reality,"—that to have the right spiritual gravitation is everything, and "all else is dust." It was a school of life.

This great camp-meeting in southern Kentucky, in the year before the treaty of peace of Greenville, was notable because it was conducted by Bishop Asbury. He was a great believer in the value of music in religion, and always led the audience. One of his favorites was:

"How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose days divided are,
Between the mount and multitude.
Our days are spent in doing good,
Our nights in praise and prayer.

“The winter’s night, the summer day,
Glide peacefully away,
Too short to sing thy praise.
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join the heavenly powers,
In everlasting praise.”

Nancy always enjoyed camp-meetings, not only because she was by nature spiritual, but because she learned some new hymns each year, and people would come miles to hear her sing them in the rude log churches near her home.

Thomas Lincoln was inclined to be a “Free Will Baptist,” but attended the camp-meetings and went to any “preaching” in the neighborhood. The camp-meetings were scarcely denominational. They were social as well as religious gatherings. The people came to them in wagons, on horseback, and on foot, often from cabins a hundred or more miles away, and camped

near the grove where the meetings were held.

They made great fires from the dry wood for cooking, set up forked sticks and a green pole across, and hung kettles on the pole. In these they heated water and made porridge, soups, and succotash, while they roasted venison on a spit. They came accompanied by dogs, and it was difficult to keep the dogs from stealing the deer meat, of which they are passionately fond.

While the crowd was singing and shouting, and all eyes were directed towards the grand stand, the sly dogs would seize the venison and drag it away with *ki, hies*, and burned tongues. As it cooled they would drag it farther and farther away, to the spring, when the "tent masters" would come running after them, with temptations to say improper words, and crying:

"The dogs have got the meat. Stop them, stop them!"

The Wilderness, like that the Israelites trod, abounded with quail as if sent from heaven.

The people slept in tents, or on green pine boughs in fair weather. They were brotherly and happy. They called each other "brothers" and the memory of these green-wood assemblies would often make the heart of the lonely pioneer happy for a year.

Sometimes the men were on guard against the Indians, but this year there were none in the region. They were far to the northwest, preparing for a final conflict with the troops of Wayne. The land that had been full of crimes committed by the Indians was waiting now for a terrible struggle.

One evening, as all were resting near the great camp-meeting grove, Nancy was startled by the cry of a panther.

"Oh, Thomas," said she, "I have heard that cry before, in the Wilderness Road."

When Nancy had passed over the "Wil-

derness Road," from Virginia to Kentucky, it was full of the terrors of wild beasts and hostile Indians.

The dangers from animals had become less. Now and then a panther, with the inclination to leap from the trees and break the neck of its victim, might imperil the way, but there were few. Bears still came near the settlements, but they did not attack anyone unless they themselves were attacked. Nancy was not afraid of them at all.

"Thomas, look a-yonder!" cried Nancy.

Thomas looked.

A she-bear with her little cubs had come from the woods towards the wagon.

"Oh, how cunning!" exclaimed Nancy.

Thomas stopped and raised his gun.

"Don't do that," said Nancy.

"Why, little woman?"

"The cubs are so cunning."

The she-bear stopped in the way. She

had probably come out of her cave hunting berries.

As Thomas lifted his gun, she rose up on her haunches, and raised her paws like two hands, in wonder.

She probably had never seen a gun, and seemed by her attitude to say: "You are not going to harm me and my family, are you?"

"Don't fire," said Nancy, "the cubs are so young. I have a great respect for the rights of young children."

"But cubs are not children. It is the purpose of all pioneers to rid the country of varmints; I must fire, Nancy. It is my duty; we must wage a sharp warfare against barbarism, like Wayne."

He held the gun. The bear once more stood up like a woman.

"Don't shoot the Indian squaw," said Nancy. "The bear trusts us, has faith in us. We don't shoot Indians that have faith

in us. I would never harm anything that believed in me.”

The gun wobbled.

Suddenly the bear dropped down on her fore feet and skeeted into the berry bushes, with her two cubs after her.

“You did that, Nancy, with your foolish heart.”

“What, Thomas?”

“Let the bear go.”

“But she will never harm anyone.”

“Her cubs may. A bear is a bear. Oh, Nancy, you were never born for the wife of a pioneer. You were born to spin flax in the merry cabins and win the heart of everybody.”

They did not hear the panther again, and were just going to sleep when once more a sound was heard. This time it was the same wolf-dog cry they had so often heard.

“Cry-oo-oo-oi!”

Aunt Berry leaped to her feet, and flung out her hands.

“That is the same cry that we have heard before. That cry has circled around our house at a distance for some years. It haunts the air. That wolf-dog has followed us all this distance, and I am more convinced than ever that it has something to do with Sarah.”

In the morning they heard the same cry again.

“Thomas,” said Nancy, “you follow the sound.”

The morning prayers were beginning in the great grove, where a sort of tent had been made of green boughs.

A hymn was arising—

“Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.”

Nancy joined the kneeling people, while Thomas went out into the Wilderness trail.

He had not gone far when a sight startled

him. It was that of an old Indian woman plodding along with a stick, making a bed of her back and crooning as she passed along. In front of her ran a little dog—white, or nearly so, with a bushy tail. It looked like a wolf-dog. The dog ran back to the old woman when he saw Thomas and circled around her. He suddenly stopped, threw up his head and uttered the same sound that Thomas had heard in the morning—

“Cry-oo-oo-oi!”

The old woman stopped as she saw Thomas approaching. She said:

“There are wolves in the timber.”

“Where are you going?” asked Thomas.

“To the meeting.”

“What is your name?”

“Moo-May, they call me.”

“What have you on your back?”

“That is my little white girl. She is sick, has the fall fever, but she wanted to have

her bed made in sight of the meeting, and hear the preaching and the singing, and so I am bringing her along. My back is strong."

"Where did you find this girl?"

"I saved her from my own people. She entered into my breast, as I had lost my own. I hid her behind a log when my own people fell upon the settlers, and hid her away in the wood. Then I could not let her go. She likes to hear preaching and singing, so I have brought her. I came alone and reached the place last night. I take care of her, and my little wolf-dog here he takes care of me, so let us pass along."

Thomas looked at the sick girl. She was a slender child and was suffering from the malarial fever then common to the country.

"Did you ever know a family by the name of Sparrow, in the Harding woods?"

"No, not that I am sure of."

"Did you ever hear of a family by the

name of Berry? Did you ever see a woman by the name of Berry, in Harding woods?"

The old Indian turned around, and said:

"It is not for me to be talking to a stranger as to whom I know. You go right along, and I will go on my own way."

Thomas pretended to go on. He turned back when he was out of sight of the Indian woman and her tender burden.

He ran back to the place of the encampment. He called:

"Nancy!"

The girl came out to receive him back again.

"I have found Sarah!"

"Where?"

"She is coming on the back of an old Indian woman. The little dog is with them."

"When will they come?"

"They will be here soon."

But they did not come. Nancy and

Thomas roamed the woods for them during the meeting, but no trace of the Indian woman, Sarah, or the dog, was to be found. Even the peculiar cry of the dog was not heard again.

The Berrys were broken-hearted with disappointment, but still felt they would find Sarah some day.

CHAPTER XI

SLEEPING UNDER THE WAGON

THEY had made their tent amid some tall maples, a little distance from the main grove. As a rule, on these trips people slept for safety under the wagon that carried their few belongings. The woods were pleasant at night, but "scary," to use the pioneer word. Bears would sometimes follow them at a distance in day time, and though they were harmless they scared the children. The timber wolves were also harmless, and there were but few venomous snakes, but there was one animal that caused Nancy to draw near the main wagon when she heard its cry; it was the panther.

On the second night of their stay in some lone clump of timber on the still and level

lands, the voice of the panther would be often heard like a crying child. The horses would first hear it and begin to beat their feet on the ground. Then the cry would pierce the air, and cause them to start and tremble. There is hardly any sound of the forests that so affects the nerves of men or animals as the cry of the panther.

Thomas had been feeling anxious ever since the night before, when they had heard its first cry. This panther is more properly called a lynx or wildcat, and is feared because it is very persistent. When hungry it will attack anything, and is very difficult to see, and it can jump with almost lightning rapidity.

"We shall rest without rocking to-night," said Thomas, "but we will need to have one ear open, for something has been following us in a path through the trees."

"Have you seen anything?" asked Nancy.

"No, but the horses have *felt* it."

“A panther?” asked Nancy.

“It may be—I cannot tell, but there is something wrong in the air. The treetops are as close as tents all along the way, and a panther might hide in them, stretched out like a snake.”

The horses were uneasy, treading the ground.

“Panthers do not need food at this season of the year,” said Nancy.

“A panther will seek the food that he best likes at any season of the year. There are big panthers that live in tree tops like these—some folks call them tigers. The panther kills animals by leaping upon them so as to break their necks.”

Except for the cry of the night birds, nature was silent; not a breeze stirred the tops of the trees. But the horses continued restless. Thomas repeated:

“There is something wrong in the air. The horses sniff something.”

He fell asleep in his own shelter, but Nancy could hear the beating of the horses' feet, and lay awake in the shelter set apart for the women.

There fell on her ears a sound as of something creeping in the air among the tree tops. She listened with intent ears.

"Thomas! Awake! There is something!"

Thomas awoke and listened.

"The wind is rising," said he, and he began to doze.

"Thomas, I can hear it!"

"Remember Stony Point!" gasped the half-dozing Thomas in a high tone. "There, Nancy, all is right now—these are the days of Wayne."

"But, Thomas, Thomas, Stony Point was lost to the British because they slept on, and did not watch out. *Varmints* don't remember Stony Point. The British do that—and the Indians."

Thomas snored.

Suddenly there was a deep shadow in the high air, and something seemed leaping or falling. Nancy was watching through the spokes of the wheels.

A piercing cry was flung out by what seemed the leaping shadow, merciless, exultant.

The whole company started. One of the horses had strayed away some feet from his tether, and was feeding on some green grass under a clump of trees that rose like a huge tower. He met the cry in the air with a pain-fraught squeal and by frantic leaps.

The company started up in affright. An animal had descended from the trees, by a long leap, and had fastened itself to the neck of the horse. It was a lithe but heavy animal, and indeed as long as a tiger.

Thomas did not seize his rifle, but his broad axe. In a few minutes the animal lay dead on the ground, hacked by mighty

blows, and the horse jumped about trembling and bleeding.

“But there may be another panther hiding in the trees,” said Nancy.

“Yes, there may be at some other time, but not now. There may always be some other dangers, but there are no more panthers here.”

“How do you know?”

“On account of the atmosphere. If there were another panther here, the *other* horse would know it. Don’t you see how steady he stands now? He would know it if any other danger were near.”

Thomas lay down and was soon asleep. The moonlight glittered on the trees, as on a lake. The cool winds arose in the deep night, but little Nancy could not sleep.

So she sang over and over some hymn like this one of a later period:

“Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
May angels guard us while we sleep
’Till morning light appears.”

or the camp meeting hymn :

“Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for sounds of loudest praise.”

In the morning there was a great honking of geese, and when Thomas awoke he said:

“We must be near a goose-nest pasture. Sleep well, Nancy?”

“Not a wink. I kept watch with the Lord.”

“Shows what a true heart you have. Go to sleep, now, and I will take off the panther’s skin.”

He went to work, when a great surprise came to him.

In the panther's heart was found an arrow. How came it there?

"Nancy, some one is following us! Nancy? Nancy?"

"Where?" cried Nancy, coming out of her shelter with white face and flowing hair.

"Where?"

But no answer came back. Thomas could not say, and the air was still with the fresh glow of the morning.

How came the arrow in the heart of the panther?

The company wondered. They talked of the mystery often when they were not attending the services at the great stand.

"I suspect," said Nancy, "that some one unseen fired the arrow as the panther leaped, and it might be the woman who bore the sick girl on her back. She may be hiding near us. What if the sick girl should be Sarah, as Thomas thinks she was? If that were so, Thomas would surely forgive *that*

Indian, notwithstanding the murder of his father."

The company returned to their homes through the woods, still looking for Sarah and wondering.

CHAPTER XII

THE MESSISAGO CHIEF

ONE day, after they had returned home from the camp-meeting, Mr. Berry came home excited.

“He is coming!”

“Who, Thomas?” said his wife.

“One who will make the partridge fly and the little quail run.”

Thomas Lincoln came running to tell Mother Berry the strange news. It concerned Little Turtle, or Mis-ik-kin-ak-wa, the Messisago Chief, or Chief of the Miamis. He was no common chief. He could reason like a statesman and speak like an orator. He was the lord of the forest; the victor over St. Clair. Just now he was

on a mission of peace and had a letter from General Wayne saying he was to be well treated.

He wore Indian moccasins, a blue petticoat that came half way down his thighs, a European waistcoat and surtout; his head was bound with an Indian cap that hung half way down his back, and almost entirely filled with plain silver broaches, to the number of more than two hundred; he had two ear-rings to each ear; the upper part of each was formed of three silver medals, about the size of a dollar; the lower part was formed of quarters of dollars and fell more than twelve inches from his ears—one from each ear over his breast, the other over his back; he had three very large nose jewels of silver that were curiously painted.

He was one of the noted Indians of American history.

He once went to Philadelphia, where he met Volney, the author of the "Ruins of

Empires," who was traveling in America at the time, and also had had interviews with Kosciusko, who had presented him with a robe of sea-otter skin.

His talks with Volney had won that historian's admiration.

When Mr. Volney asked Little Turtle what prevented him from living among the whites, and if he were not more comfortable in Philadelphia than upon the banks of the Wabash, he said:

"Taking all things together, you have the advantage over us; but here I am deaf and dumb. I do not talk your language; I can neither hear nor make myself heard. When I walk through the streets, I see every person in his shop employed about something—one makes shoes, another hats, a third sells cloth, and every one lives by his labor. I say to myself, which of all these things can you do? Not one. I can make a bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game, and go to war;

but none of these is of any use here. To learn what is done here would require a long time.

“Old age comes on. I should be a piece of furniture useless to my nation, useless to the whites, and useless to myself. I must return to my own country.”

He learned much in Philadelphia. So much that, had the tribe heeded his counsel, they would never have fought General Wayne. He said: “We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps: the night and the day are alike to him. And during all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers to me,

it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace.”

Another chief arose to answer him:

“He speaks with the heart of a coward,” said he. “Who is this Gen. Wayne that we should fear him? The hour of the Indian has come. Who will lead us forth?”

“I,” said the lord of the Ohio. “I am no coward. I only seek the good of my race.”

But to return to Thomas and the strange news he had to tell.

He came running up to the door.

“Little Turtle is coming!” he cried.

Aunt Berry was greatly excited, but not Nancy.

“And now we will inquire of *him*,” said Nancy.

“About what?” asked Mother Berry.

“Why, about Sarah; he may know.”

“Would you dare to talk with him? He could not understand you.”

“Yes, yes,” said Thomas. “He takes an interpreter with him.”

A wooden trumpet blew. A horse came cantering into the clearing, bearing a wily Indian.

A band of Indians on horseback followed among them. Little Turtle, who was a giant, rode in front of the rest.

He was decorated with silver dollars.

Aunt Berry had a dish of pounded parched corn in her cupboard, and she brought it out and offered it to him. He accepted it, shaking his head and jingling the dollars on the cords of his cap.

She spoke to his interpreter of Sarah.

The chief shook his head. Suddenly he seemed to understand.

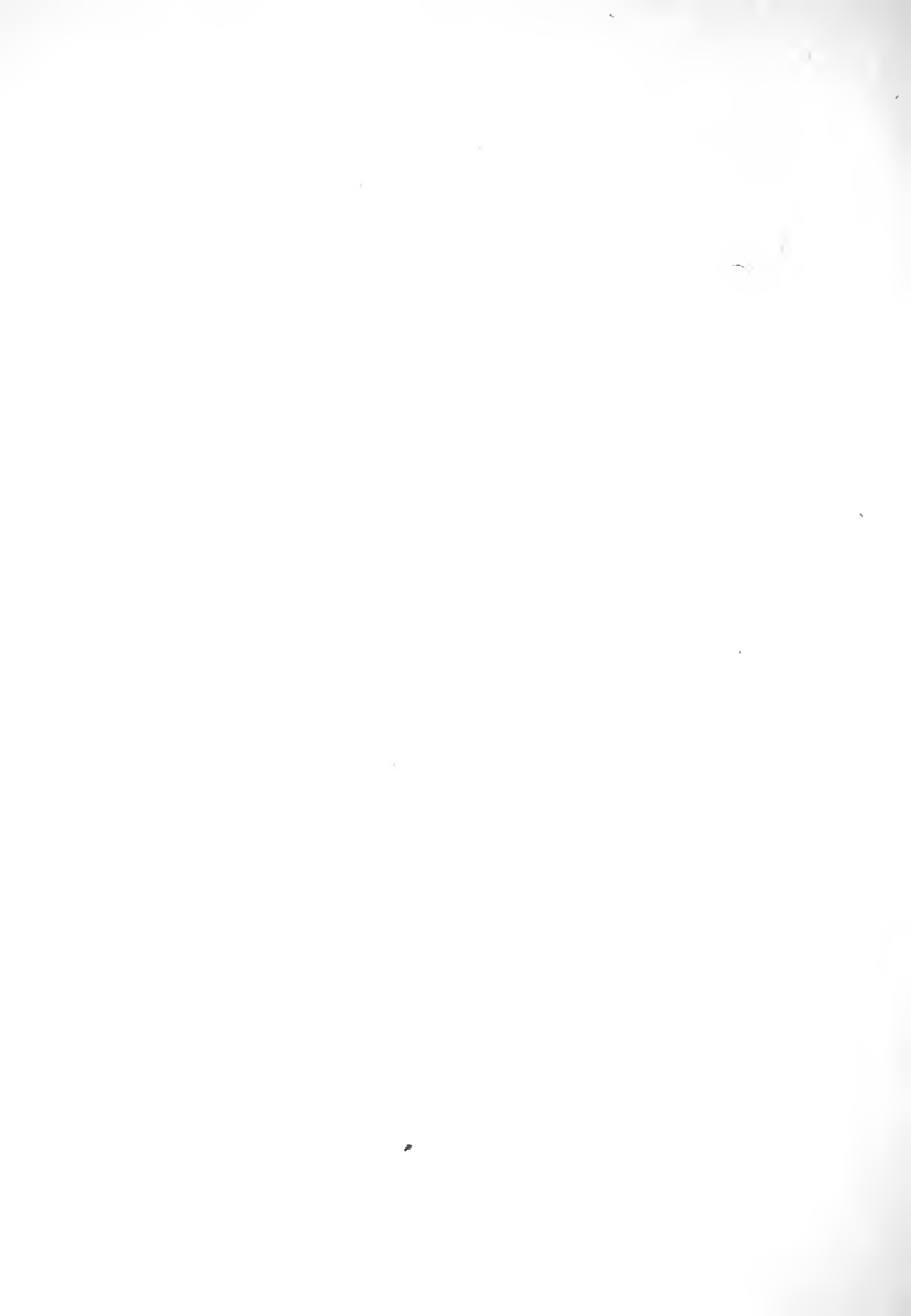
“I send her back,” said the interpreter for the chief. “Let your boy go with me.” He meant Thomas.

Aunt Berry shook her head.

“No spare.”



**MOTHER BERRY OFFERS LITTLE TURTLE A
DISH OF PARCHED CORN**



“You no send?”

“I can no send.”

The Indians set up a fearful yell and vanished through the trees.

“I could not afford to lose *two*,” said Aunt Berry. “There was red in his eyes. My heart said no—my inner life tells me the truth. Little Turtle will never defeat Wayne. It is Wayne who will send Sarah back.”

Little Turtle came back no more. He failed in his peace mission to the Southern Indians, and so went back north to his own tribe, determined to make the best fight he could. He knew it would be a desperate affair, for Wayne now had a large army, including more than a thousand Kentuckians who knew how to hunt Indians better than the regular soldiers.

And now it was known that the battle must soon be at hand. The soldiers had been gone a long time, and rumors came oc-

asionally that they would soon catch up with the Indians.

Nancy watched daily at the door for a chance bearer of news. Did a man come riding along the road, she would hail him to ask if he had any news from Gen. Wayne. She expected that the latter would engage the forces of Little Turtle and defeat them, and then some soldiers would appear bearing the empty plate, and bringing home Sarah from captivity. If it should be, she would judge all Indians to be like Moo-May—with a remnant of good in their hearts.

Her theory was that Moo-May had protected Sarah, and had come to love her on account of the loss of her own child. Since the camp-meeting Mr. Berry had hunted over nearly the whole of Kentucky for another sight of Moo-May, but she had disappeared as if the ground had opened to receive her. The Berrys were heart-broken over the thought that they had been so near

their child and lost her again, for they felt certain the little girl was Sarah.

CHAPTER XIII

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE

AND now we must follow General Wayne in his pursuit of the Indians under Little Turtle.

It was said of General Washington that he seldom became angry; but when he did his wrath was terrible. When he heard how General Arthur St. Clair had been defeated by the Indians he did two things. First, he gave vent to his passion in a way that awed his secretary, who was present. Then he sent for General Anthony Wayne to punish the Indians.

Not only was Wayne a great soldier, but his name gave the people confidence. They felt sure he would not fail, for in spite of

the foolish name of "Mad Anthony" which people gave him, he was as prudent as he was brave.

Major André, the spy who was hanged during the revolution, wrote of him:

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest the same warrior-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet."

The same warrior-drover Wayne did catch the poet, and was one of the officers whose names are associated with the execution of André for his share in Benedict Arnold's treason.

At Brandywine, at Monmouth, at Valley Forge, and Yorktown, his success was notable, and his soldiers loved him.

"Dandy Wayne," the soldiers sometimes called him, for he favored the use of bright uniforms and was always trying to get the best for them.

The Indians called him "the snake," and the people who saw him on the march, the "wind" and the "tornado."

He was born in East Town, Chester County, Penna., in 1745. His ancestors were Irish, and had known service at Boyne Water. He was a farmer's son, was educated at the Philadelphia Academy, and became a land surveyor and legislator, and was for the day a rich man when war was declared. He entered the Revolutionary army and rapidly rose to distinction. Wherever he went he bore the banner of victory, and he gave all his fortune to the cause.

After Yorktown he was sent south to join Gen. Nathanael Greene against the British and Creek Indians in Georgia. Here, too, he organized victory. He struck, and the Creeks disappeared. The Georgians liked him so well that he lived there for a while after peace was made with great Britain.

He answered Washington's summons at

once. The tribes he was to subdue were powerful, wily, filled with the spirit of revenge and exultant over their recent victory. If Wayne could subdue them, the middle West would be open to civilization. Detroit might become a city, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago (Fort Dearborn), Vincennes, Marietta, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, a hundred settlements on the trail might grow into towns; the Cumberland Gap might become a gateway to a new immigration, the woods might fall, the prairies might twinkle with lights, and a gigantic empire arise and welcome the world.

The Indian tribes were incited against the borderers by the English in Canada and at various posts in our country which they had not given up. They bore English arms. After the defeat of St. Clair, Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana were often ravaged by Indian bands who would swiftly descend on a settlement, kill and scalp the men, while

women and children were taken captives. Wayne marched into this region of fire and blood. He built a fort near Greenville, which he called Fort Recovery. He pushed forward to the Miami River, and established Fort Adams and Fort Miami. He did not move in a hurry. His idea was to be always prepared and never to retreat an inch. It took him a long time to train his soldiers so that they could fight Indians. Wherever he went he had to build roads and forts, so that he could have his ammunition and provisions safe. But he never took one backward step. The Indians soon called him "the General that never sleeps," and this was almost literally true.

When an army is asleep, sentinels are always kept on guard so as to prevent surprise. The penalty of sleeping on sentinel duty is death, for it might mean many deaths if an enemy should get past a sentinel. Every night, as soon as his soldiers

were asleep, General Wayne would go around to see if all his sentinels were on duty. He would spend the night doing this, to be sure the Indians could not surprise his little army as it lay encamped in the woods.

Many children who read this story have traveled in Ohio and Indiana on swift railway trains. They have seen the beautiful farms, villages and cities in those states. But they cannot imagine how in Wayne's day all this country was covered with a dense forest. There were no towns, no bridges over the rivers, and no roads except as the soldiers built them. This was a slow task, but when Wayne did anything it was thorough.

Slowly he built his roads and forts northwest from Cincinnati until he reached the country where the Indians must either fight or go farther west.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE OF FALLEN TIMBERS

WE have now to tell about General Wayne's great victory over the Indians at Falling Timbers. It is not only an interesting story, but it bears directly on our narration of Nancy and Thomas. Had not Wayne succeeded, it seems likely that Abraham Lincoln would have never left Kentucky and might possibly have never reached the prominence he achieved as in many respects the greatest of all Americans. Seventy-five years after Nancy gave her pewter plate to Wayne, her son was universally declared to have been not only the greatest, but one of the best of men. Not only did this opinion prevail in the United

States, in North and South alike, and especially among those who fought against him, but in the palaces of kings and emperors of Europe, among the good and great the good and once unknown name of Lincoln was spoken then as ever since with reverence and almost adoration. He loved all, and he suffered all, and he accomplished more for the real good of humanity than almost any other man who has ever lived.

In saying that Wayne's victory was in a considerable degree responsible for Lincoln's rise to power, it is freely confessed that God overrules many things for good and that He works out His purposes in His own way. God might not have called Lincoln to the task which he performed because circumstances might have designated another. Nor can we believe, in any event, that Lincoln would have failed to be a great and good man. It is possible that under other circumstances he might not have been

the chosen instrument for accomplishing God's purposes in America.

So far as human eye can see, the victory of Wayne over the Indians made the opportunity by which Lincoln, through a variety of circumstances, rose to supreme human authority and greatness in this country. Wayne's victory led Abraham Lincoln from Kentucky, through Indiana, to Illinois, and thence to greatness in the popular estimation.

Twice had Washington sent armies against the Indians of the Northwest, and twice had they met defeat near the borders of Indiana and Ohio. Both times the Indians were under Little Turtle, one of the greatest of Indian generals. We must credit him with his undoubted abilities. Yet can we doubt that, if white men had always been just and kind, the wars would never have occurred.

General Harmar fought and lost at the

Maumee, or Miami, in a battle that was perhaps almost the most disastrous in our annals. After him, General Arthur St. Clair fought, and the disaster was even greater. Little Turtle had in both cases won on the merits of his superior strategy. The country was then as distant in time and difficulty as Alaska is now—even more so. He fought a good fight and is now respected.

But Wayne's plan was different. He determined to meet the Indians on their own grounds. He trained his men. He took Kentuckians on horseback, and, after failing to make a peaceful settlement, he fell upon Little Turtle and his braves at daylight and served them as they had served the whites. It was cruel in one sense, but in war there must be cruelty. He surprised the Indians, cut them down relentlessly, and followed them up so sharply that, as we shall see, peace resulted.

The Indians had undoubtedly been encouraged and helped by the British, many of whom fought with them; but the victory of Wayne was complete, and after his day Indian wars belonged to the farther west.

These things were not done suddenly. It took time, but all this while Nancy Hanks continued to watch from the door and window for the return of Sarah. She fancied that the squaw's heart would cling to Sarah until she was compelled to surrender her.

One day a man rode by. He lifted his hand as he passed and cried out:

“Mad Wayne has triumphed again! Where are the Indians now? Ask the autumn leaves. The captives will all be returned. They have made a treaty to return the captives. Watch out for your own girl Sarah!”

He was a stranger, but the story of Sarah was known through all the country round.

The heart of Nancy again danced for joy.

At the passing of every party in a wagon or on horse-back she looked for the return of Sarah. How would she come?

CHAPTER XV

THE TREATY OF GREENVILLE

“**A** TREATY of peace! All the captives are to be returned!” So shouted an Indian runner near the home of the Berrys.

The year 1795 brought the famous treaty of Greenville, which at last made the West a safe place for the whites to live in. Early in the year, the leading Indians began to manifest a subdued spirit, and to seek from Wayne a council for permanent peace. The Delawares, Ottawas, and Pottawattomies came to him with friendly words. Wayne kindled council fires, and covered them up, after smoking the pipe of peace. This meant that he wanted peace, though he told

them all he would fight as long as any of them.

At the end of June, thirty-four Chippeawas arrived from Michigan for a peace conference. This was important, for the tribe was the strongest in the Northwest, and all others would be likely to follow them. Wayne saw that the Fourth of July that year could be made glorious, that it could be made an event ever to be sacred to the memory of the American Union. He said to the assembled chiefs on July 3rd:

“You are welcome to my heart. I kindle the council fires with a willing hand. You will be protected here.

“To-morrow is July Fourth, the day on which this nation proclaimed herself free from Great Britain. We celebrate it with the booming of cannon and parades. But do you not fear. The parade is not intended to do you harm. Join with us in the cele-

bration. You will be one with our nation now.’’

That Fourth was a celebration not only of Independence, but of the first session of the Council of Greenville.

Wayne summoned all the tribes of the Northwest after that memorable Fourth. They came during the months that followed. The council fires were kindled and raked up again.

On the 3rd of August, 1795, the great Treaty of Greenville was signed. There were present representatives of chief-men from the Wyandots, the Delawares, the Shawanese, the Ottawas, the Chippewas, the Pottawattomies, the Miamis, the Kickapoos, and lesser tribes, the delegates alone numbering more than a thousand men. They had concluded to stop fighting. They saw that it was no longer any use.

By that treaty the Indians agreed to surrender all the captives in the wilderness of

the Ohio. This was important, as there were many of these who had been captured in many states.

The news spread through all the settlements. Little Nancy soon heard and cheered the name of Wayne.

Can we wonder that Pennsylvania received back "Mad Anthony" to her borders with ringing bells, thunders of artillery and strewing of flowers?

After this great treaty came what may be called the "Days of Wayne in the Wilderness." The forest that had rung with the warwhoop grew still; its shadows were those of peacefulness. The man of the White Cockade, as Wayne was called, disappeared in part from these scenes; his death in 1796 was followed by an inrush of people who talked of him as though he was still living and made the poor Indian cower at his name. The smoke of new chimneys now filled the sky, like civilization on the

march, from the great lakes or inland seas to the Mississippi.

When little Nancy heard the provisions of the treaty she leaped again for joy. She set her spinning wheel by the door, and spun more lively than ever.

The empty plate might come back again. She sang daily the old Handelian song found in old music books: "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" and the hymn stanza:

"How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long,
Shall that bright hour delay?
Fly swift around, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!"

She had never spun so lively before. The very birds came to peek at her as she sat by the door which opened towards the deep green summer woods.

CHAPTER XVI

A STRANGE INDIAN WAYFARER

WE have said that many white women and children were taken captive by the Indians, and it was remarkable how the squaws often became intensely fond of the pale-faced children. There were many Indians wandering with white children in the wilderness around what is now Fort Wayne, the Summit City, but what was then a stockade for the defence of the pioneers of the Middle West. The stockade stood in an almost direct line between what is now Buffalo and Chicago, and was a place of refuge for the volunteer army of pioneers who were making homes between the great rivers tributary to the Mississippi and the Great Lakes.

It was a country of wonderful beauty, of giant forests, of occasional rich prairie lands, of noble animals and wild fowl. The prairies were seas of flowers. The ancient trees around the rivers and lakes were towers of green. Here the red man had roamed free for unknown periods, hunting and fishing, holding his green-corn dances, and pipe festivals, under the full moon which to him was a night sun. It is not surprising that he did not want these haunts disturbed.

The country was bounded by the Mississippi and the northern lakes, or inland seas. To the south rolled the Ohio, with banks of verdure and Indian maize fields. The great animals were not yet gone, but were disappearing under the marksmanship of the settlers.

Captive white children soon came to like the Indian life, which was friendly, large, and free. It was easy for a white child to

learn the life of an Indian, far easier than for an Indian child to become like a white one. The children who were brought up in captivity and rescued, were often reluctant to return to civilization; a life of nature had more charms for them than the habits of restraint.

After the camp-meeting incident Aunt Berry was more careful than ever to feed every Indian that came to her door, and question him in regard to the captives of the wilderness. Had he seen a lone Indian woman with a little white girl?

One day, an old Indian came to the cabin walking slowly, with a great stick for a cane. He sat down beside the door. Nancy gave him something to eat and said to her aunt:

“Now we may have news of Sarah.”

She spoke to the Indian in a pleasing voice and asked:

“Have you come from far?”

“From the great cornfields—the region of the Miamis, where the plums, the blackberries grow.”

“Do you ever meet captive children by the way—white children?”

“Oh, yes, they are to be seen here and there in the towns.”

“Did you ever meet an Indian mother, with a little white girl?” asked Nancy.

“She loved the little girl,” said the Indian, slowly, “looked into her eyes.”

“Then you have met such a woman,” said Aunt Betty.

“An Indian mother loves—her heart burns with love.”

Nancy, all emotion, began to tremble and cry.

The Indian sat stolid for a time, then said to Nancy:

“She was your little sister?”

“Who?” cried Nancy.

“The girl with the Indian mother?”

“Then you have met an Indian mother with a little white girl like me?” gasped Nancy.

“An Indian mother, her own child gone, laid away under the blanket of earth, where the dews weep, and the flowers are wet in the morning. I lend her my blanket in the rain.”

“You have met such a woman on the way? You are a good Indian, I know,” said Nancy.

“How do you know?”

“You said that you lent your blanket to the child in the rain. You have a heart. Where did you see the Indian mother and the captive girl?”

“Did I say that I had met an Indian mother and captive girl? I came from the cornfields.”

“Let me go there with you.”

“It is a long way. What for would you go?”

“To find her, the girl.”

“I see, but she is loved now—her Indian mother holds her in her arms, and sings to her. Can you sing?”

“Come into the house,” said Aunt Betty, “and I will let you lie down by the fire. The night will be cold.”

He followed Aunt Betty into the house, but said nothing more.

“I do believe that he has seen Sarah,” said Aunt Betty to Nancy.

“Let me go back with him,” said Nancy.

“Back where?”

“To the land of the cornfields. If I could only find her, I would have a sister.”

“And I another little daughter like you, but the Indian woman would not give her up. As the wayfarer says, an Indian mother loves.”

“I have a plan. It thrills me. Oh, it makes my heart dance!”

“What is it?”

“I will bring her back with me!”

“Who?”

“Why, the Indian woman.”

“I would give *her* a home for the sake of Sarah.”

“But the Treaty of Greenville will compel the Indian mother to surrender Sarah.”

“How will she know to whom to return her?”

“We all think she knows to whom Sarah belongs. Who fired the arrow when the panther leaped upon the horse at the cam-meeting ground?”



CHAPTER XVII

THE KIKAPOO

THE Indian wayfarer called himself the *Kikapoo*. He was a medicine-man, and had been to attend a Beggar Dance, which was often followed by sickness, because the medicine-men ate nothing for days and danced nearly all the time.

He stretched himself before the fire on some straw matting. He talked slowly, as if almost compelled to speak. He said:

“I have been to persuade the Indians to give up the Beggar Dance, now that the Treaty has been made. That dance lowers them. After it they fall sick.”

“What is the Beggar Dance?” asked Nancy.

“The Indians dress in rags,” said he. “They whirl with torches and cry out as if mad. I know now that it is a bad habit. It has done the Indians no good. We must now live like the white man.”

Aunt Betty saw that he was a true forest philosopher.

“Do you think,” said Nancy to the Kikapoo, “that I might find Sarah, if I were to go all alone to look for her?”

“Who is Sarah?” asked the Kikapoo.

“My cousin—sister. Old Moo-May, a good Indian woman, we think, rescued Sarah, as we hope, from a murdering Indian band and then carried her away. We think it was she you met.”

“No, no, little girl, Moo-May would never give her up. She loves the girl. I could see that. She looks into her eyes. Indians love by looking into the eyes. They see *the soul down there*.”

“But if Aunt Betty—Mother Betty—

were to go with me, would she not give up little Sarah?"

"No, no, if you and Mother Betty were to find Moo-May she would never give up your sister."

"But we would persuade her to do so. I know the trails through the blazed wood."

"No, no, no. You two would never find Moo-May. If she were to see you she would vanish. She goes and looks into cabin windows nights, and the people go out to talk with her; she is not there. She vanishes. The ground swallows her."

"But," said Nancy, "let me go with you—you are an honest Indian. I would not be afraid to follow you."

"My little girl, suppose you found Sarah, old Moo-May would seize you and run, and, I am sorry to say it for your sake, I think that Sarah had rather follow old Moo-May into the wilderness of the great rivers than go with you back to the clearings."

“Uncle Berry might go on horseback and find her at Miami.”

“No, no, they would hide among the corn. The All-Spirit covers those who hide among the corn. The corn hears, it trembles, it hides.”

“You are a medicine-man,” said Nancy. “Tell us how we can find Sarah.”

“I will tell you,” said the Kikapoo. “It is revealed to me by the spirit that speaks within.”

“Tell us, tell us,” said Nancy.

“Find old Moo-May, and invite her to come and make her home with you. Don’t mention Sarah. She would follow her. Go to Moo-May and say to her that you feel grateful to her for saving the life of your little sister, and that you want her to find her shelter always beneath your roof. She will come.”

“That was my own plan,” said Nancy, joyfully.

So the news went about in that colony of cousins, among the Sparrows, Berrys, Mitchells and Hankses, that the lost Sarah was probably alive, and had been heard from, through the wayfarer.

In the meantime there was often heard in the distant timber, in the late evening, the cry of a dog, ending in "*oi.*"

"That is the same dog," said Mr. Berry.

Nancy would cease spinning, if the wheel were not already still, and go to the door and listen.

The moon would rise over the high trees, the great sea-land of the forest. As often as she heard the cry of the dog, she would say "*Sarah.*" But there would be no response and many nights would pass without her hearing the cry.

CHAPTER XVIII

SARAH?

THE Berrys with Nancy and Thomas Lincoln made a long trip to Greenville to be present at the return of the captives according to the promise of the Indians. With them were many others in search of long lost ones.

The party after a long journey came to a collection of huts which formed one of the many Miami villages where the exchange was to take place.

It was a gala day when they arrived, a corn dance. In mid-summer there had been a "green-corn dance" there, but this was a harvest dance, and the dancers were be-decked with sheaves of corn. It was all

like an animated cornfield. The drum sounded and rude pipes were played, and a cornfield rose up and seemed to move about in fantastic waves. The sun shone clear with the Indian summer lustre; the crickets chirped in the cool grass. Although there had been recently a hostile time, contentment and happiness filled the village.

Early the next morning, white people hurried into the town and many Indians came to the place of the harvest corn dance, bringing captives with them.

It was a touching scene that occurred at the high noon of that day. Mothers were there in search of daughters and fathers looking for lost sons. Some of these stolen children had been absent from home for years, and their own parents were hardly able to recognize them.

The recognitions were joyful. Boys rushed into their fathers' arms, yet several

of these boys seemed reluctant to go back into civilization.

Most of the people who came in search of lost children recovered them. There were some exceptions. One was an aged widow, tall and thin, whose feeble limbs had scarcely been able to sustain the long journey.

She searched among the returned captives with distended eyes.

“Who do you hope to find?” asked Mother Berry of the lone widow.

“My daughter, my only daughter. She is all that I have for my old age. I would be willing to die, if I could see her once more.”

An Indian in paint and feathers appeared.

“Good woman, your daughter has gone to the souls in the south” (heaven).

“How do you know?” said the lone woman, eagerly.

“Do you see this little girl? She is the

daughter of your daughter. When your daughter was dying, she said: 'Take my little one to my mother.' I have brought her to you."

"How can I know this?"

"Lucy—"

"That is my name," said the woman.

"Little Lucy, sing one of your mother's songs."

Little Lucy sang:

"When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again.

"Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls
And in fancy's wide domain
There we three shall meet again.

“When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion’s shade,
Beauty, health and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There we three shall meet again!”

The lone widow intently watched the expression of the girl’s face.

“I can see it, I can see it,” she cried, “my own Lucy’s face is there, that was my Lucy’s song. What will I do? I must not take her away from you.”

“Go to your home, good woman,” said the Indian, “take little Lucy with you, and this right arm will always provide for you both.”

But Sarah? They heard vague reports of an elderly Indian woman who had been seen wandering with a white girl—not a “little girl,” whispered the rumor, but a “white girl,” and one of the reports was that the Indian woman seemed to be very

fond of the girl, and another report was that the white girl seemed to be "very devoted to her Indian mother."

They returned home, Mother Berry and Nancy, a long, weary way. But the woods were in mid-autumn splendor, and though they had not found Sarah, the hope of finding her made light their hearts.

CHAPTER XIX

THE RETURN OF SARAH

IT was a clear bright day in the timber, the leaves were coloring, the locusts singing at the Beechlands.

A horn rang out on the still air. Nancy heard it, and ran to open the door, and beheld something that caused her to cry out in surprise and joy.

A man on horseback was coming through the timber. He carried a flag; on the flag-staff was something that glittered, like an old Roman emblem on a staff. Nancy saw that it was *an empty plate*.

Behind him rode a girl on a pony; she looked like an Indian girl. Was it Sarah?

Behind them both walked a bent Indian

woman, with a medicine-man who resembled the Kikapoo who had said that to get Sarah back one should offer the Indian woman a home at the cabin with Sarah.

“Aunt Berry,” cried Nancy, “something has happened—something great is coming, come and see. It is Sarah! It is Sarah! I feel that Sarah is coming!”

Aunt Berry came running to the door.

“I do believe it is Sarah,” she said, “but she is an Indian, or that girl seems to be. And that is old Moo-May. She is coming to make her home here with us, for that surely is the Kikapoo, and that was his plan to get Sarah back.”

She stood staring, and the strange company approached. The horn rang out again. It seemed to be blown by a soldier—a soldier of Wayne.

“Yes,” continued Aunt Berry, weeping for joy, “that is a party bringing Sarah



SARAH'S RETURN

home,—see the empty plate like a military standard. Wayne has sent it.”

The company drew near. The horses acted as if proud of their commission, which they seemed to understand. They bowed their heads nobly and lifted their feet high. A little wolf-dog followed them.

The girl on the second horse looked intently towards the cabin.

“That can’t be Sarah,” said Aunt Berry. “She is feathered.”

Suddenly the feathered girl leaped from the pony, and came running towards the cabin, with wide arms. Her head, indeed, was plumed, and she wore a buckskin sacque trimmed with feathers of bright birds of the forest.

She called—“It is I,” and again: “I am Sarah—Sarah! I have come to you all.”

Then she ran into the arms of Aunt Berry.

“My Indian mother is coming to live with

me, when her son returns from the Miami—see she is coming; she saved me; she hid me behind the log—she ran with me through hidden ways. She has been good to me—better to me than to herself. The Kikapoo—he said you would give my Indian mother a home with me. I am so glad—what kind hearts there are in all the world.”

Aunt Berry wept long—then said: “This is Nancy Hanks, your cousin; she kept a plate waiting for you—and she sent it away and put another in its place. We have always known you would come back to us.”

Moo-May came hobbling up to the door with a face full of joy.

“Greeting, friends,” she said, though in broken words which we make clear. “When the Kikapoo brought me word that you would take me to live with Sarah, I gave her up—Sarah lives in my heart, and I could not live without Sarah. I have a son that has not returned from Fallen Timbers.

I am going back to look for him, and then I am coming to live with Sarah a part of the time, and she shall take the place of my own little girl that died. You will be good to me."

"We will always be good to you," said Aunt Berry. "I take folks to live with me that have no home. I see that you have been like a mother to Sarah."

"I will come to your wigwam, and she will live, wherever I be, in the wigwam of my heart."

The next morning Moo-May went away to look for her son.

She left the door slowly, walking backward.

"Sarah, if my son be dead, I will come again and will always follow you, or do whatever you ask me to do. I go, I go, but my heart stays with you. But I will follow, follow."

Backward, backward, she walked till her

withered form faded from view in the timber, saying, "I go—I follow."

Sarah and Nancy now became as sisters to each other, and as such were known in all the cabins. The talk of the colony of cousins now was of moving into the heavy timber lands of Indiana.

"If I marry and go into the timber lands," said Sarah to Nancy one day, "my old Indian mother shall go with me. She knows the woods after the way that an animal knows the woods, she has the instinct of the forest, and if you marry and go to Indiana, I will tell old Moo-May to follow you at a distance all the way, and be like an angel to you, like the angel of Hagar in the wilderness. Such things do happen. Did you hear what she said in a kind of soul-voice fraught with meaning—'Follow, I follow?' "

A month passed. Moo-May did not return. But the Kikapoo came back one day

to say that the old Indian had found her son through his dog; that the brave had been wounded, and that he could not live long, and that she must stay by him to the end. She was true to her own.

“Moo-May, Moo-May,” said Sarah one day, “I love her heart. I must go to the Miami, and visit her.”

She did, and Nancy went with her, and found it as the Kikapoo had said.

“He will go to the South Land (heaven) before the leaves fall again,” said the squaw. I will cover him with the blanket of new leaves, then these old feet shall follow, follow, follow the wish of your heart, my own Sarah; follow, follow, follow on to the end. Then I too will go to the South Land, and follow the sun. But I follow, follow always.”

A kind of spiritual light shone in her leathery face; the light of a great heart that had grown.

"I will come to you when the winter is cold," said Nancy, "and bring food to you, and cheer you when you are lonely."

The old Indian rose from her seat.

"Is that your heart? Was there ever such? You, you must be like Sarah. That melts my heart—I will follow you, too."

The two girls went back to her cabin in the winter, and the old Indian came to love Nancy as well as Sarah. Nancy went to her in the spring. She found that the brave, her son, had just died—withered away. She helped Moo-May to bury him. Then Moo-May took her staff, and followed Nancy to her home, to Aunt Berry's, the cousin who "took folks to live," and in taking Nancy made her life touch the great heart of the world's future, though she knew it not.

Moo-May had a lithe bow and some slender arrows which she carried on her shoulder. The little bow of sassafras was very

powerful and the arrows very deadly. She could bring down a panther with the bow and arrows if she could have a clear aim at him in the tree. The same weapons would cause an eagle to fall. But she spared animals that she did not need for food or feathers. She had a heart to spare, to heal, to lift. She seldom took an arrow out of her quiver. She held the beasts and birds to be a part of the forest.

Her little bow was like magic. It was so fashioned as to send an arrow with great force to unexpected heights and lengths.

“If ever you should be in danger,” she used to say to Nancy, “trust to my quiver. There is nothing in the forests or in the air that can stand against my arrows—see how they are tipped.”

The arrows were tipped with some kind of a clear, pearly stone. They were very beautiful, when the sun shone upon them. They were winged with eagles' feathers.

In her superstition, she seemed to believe that a magic power was in them.

Moo-May went back to the Miami after following Nancy home. She wished to sing the death song with the braves at the annual feast for the dead; for the peace of the souls of those who had gone "to the South Land."

One day, late in summer, her bent form, followed by a dog, was seen in the glinting light of the border of a shrub-land near Aunt Berry's cabin.

"What is that?" asked Aunt Berry of Sarah.

"It is an old Indian squaw and her dog. It is Moo-May."

"She is withered—she creeps," said Aunt Berry. "Go out and ask her what we can do for her. Bring her to the steps."

Sarah went into the open.

The Indian woman lifted her hands.

"Sarah," said she, "we have sung the

death song. You are the light of my life, the heart of my heart now."

"Come into the house," said Sarah. "I owe everything to you."

"No, no—no come in. Trouble dwells in houses. I follow. I have nothing to do but follow now—where you go I will follow you—out of sight with feet unseen."

"Mother?" said Sarah.

"Do you call me that? Oh, light of my life, heart of my heart, you shall take *his* place, and I will follow, follow, as the blue swallow follows the sun."

Sarah led her to the log step of the cabin, but she would not go into the cabin. She lay down on the step at night. In the morning she was gone.

A curious thing of this wandering visit was the dog. He held aloof from the old Indian woman as if waiting directions. He pressed hard on her feet. As she lay down

beside the log at the door, which served for a step, Moo-May said:

“Him strange dog — wolf-dog. Wolf-dog was hissen. The dog he followed me—when I was hiding.”

Sarah knew the meaning of the word “hissen.” The wolf-dog had been owned by her eldest son, who had perished soon after the battle at Fallen Timber.

Sarah brought a bone out to the animal. The wolf-dog took it to his mistress for permission to eat it.

“Eat it,” said the squaw.

The dog seemed glad to do so. He seized the bone eagerly.

Nancy watched the curious animal. He was nearly white, long, lank, with silken hair that was like pale amber in patches. His face was wonderfully intelligent, his eyes were large and his nose long.

“A wolf-dog!” said Nancy. “Does he bark?”

“He speaks,” said the old woman.
“Here,” she said, “speak.”

The dog lifted up his head, and uttered a sound like the blowing of a conch shell. It was a peculiar, penetrating sound; a far-away cry—it seemed to catch the air.

“I have heard that howl before,” said Aunt Berry.

“He loved my young brave,” said the Indian—“guarded him, was found by his bones.”

She swayed to and fro.

“All I had—Fallen Timber, Wayne. I found him there, the wolf-dog—under the timbers, watching—watching by his wounded body. He knew me—he followed me; he keeps me from danger. He guarded Sarah. My young brave’s spirit, it follow him. No harm can fall to me while the wolf-dog he follow; till I go to the silent hunting ground, no harm follow me. The panther hide in the trees, no harm, no harm—the wolf-dog

he tell me. The rattle-snake coil; no harm, no harm. He put up his paw. The wolf he howl when the snow falls on the pines—no harm, no harm. The wolf-dog he answer him. When I die, he will watch, and he will die watching, where I die. He starve by me watching when I lift up my hand no more, and eat no more. He keep away the lynx and the hawk and the carrion crow. He have the heart of the Great Spirit. I fear nothing. My boy, he follow him, when the Great Spirit he spreads out the sky and lights the candles of the stars. I follow you, he follow me, and the still feet of my own follow him, and the Light of the stars he follow all.”

The dog stretched himself close beside her, and found a bed in the rags of her clothes.

“Was he a wolf once?” asked Nancy.

“Yes, yes, a wolf once. We all were. A wolf that becomes a dog is a good dog to

have; he knows the forest—he knows what we cannot know. Slyly I call him,—he knows what I cannot know,—and I know what you cannot know, and the Great Spirit he knows all. I saved Sarah; we love those we save as much as those who save us love us. Anyone is safe that I follow with unseen feet; no harm in the forest can happen to him. We follow you.”

“Or my sister, if I direct you?” asked Nancy.

“Yes, your will is mine.”

“Or my brother?” (cousin).

“Yes, only you say so.”

“Or this little girl or boy?” referring to her aunt’s children.

“Yes, boy. I had a boy. Where is he now? Ask the Fallen Timbers. I had kin. Where are they now? Ask the Fallen Timbers. I had a tribe. Where is it now? Ask the Fallen Timbers. The war whoop rang out—where is it now? Ask the Fallen Tim-

bers. I wander. Nothing is left for me but the wolf-dog, and the tents of the dead."

She added, holding up her hand:

"I and the wolf-dog have followed you at most times since you first heard his voice crying out in the Wilderness!"

CHAPTER XX

SARAH'S STORIES OF THE DEEP FORESTS

NANCY was happy now. She found in Sarah just the sister that she had imagined she would find, and it was her delight to teach her how to spin and how to sing the camp-meeting songs and wood songs that she herself had learned.

The two had one heart; they loved the birds and little animals together, and Sarah told little Nancy stories of the wonderful things that the little dog had done in the deep woods.

They were inseparable. New houses or cabins were rising, and the house raisings were the notable events in the woods. The people invited Sarah and Nancy to them,

and the Indian and the dog would follow them when they went to such gatherings of these backwoods people. The girls would sing the backwoods songs, and Nancy became the favorite of all the country round.

It was the delight of Nancy to hear Sarah tell stories of her life in the woods, after she became a captive.

The two girls would sit down together interlocking arms before the door of the cabin. Peidy would come up from the wood meadows and stand beside them, and the little wolf-dog lie down near them, at the feet of the Indian woman, who seemed happy and contented in her new surroundings.

Thomas Lincoln would sometimes be present, and add queer words to her narratives, punctuating it as it were with his own native art.

She would tell tales of the squaw, or her Indian mother, as she acted her protector in

the salt licks and among the ponds of the wild geese.

“You should have heard me cry out on the brinks of the ponds. Then the whole pond would arise on white wings, and the air would be filled with honkings, and the place would grow dark with the flocks. I liked to cause the geese to rise in this way, and to startle the deer that came to the licks.

“I once went out to play with the deer by making them run, when a stag turned upon me, and came toward me, lowering his horns. Then my mother rose up and motioned him away. He moved back, but a fawn came toward him for protection and the little wolf-dog barked at the fawn. The deer seemed to feel that he must protect the little fawn, and rushed back again, and threatened to lift me on his horns. He must protect the fawn and mother must shield me, and the deer and mother stood facing each other,

each having one purpose in his and her hearts.

“Suddenly there was a tearing sound in the thickets. A black buffalo came plunging through them. The deer and the fawn turned to run, and my mother seized me by the hand and found shelter behind the trees. The buffalo tore on and passed out of sight. Then the deer stopped and looked back to mother, and mother looked at her. The deer had protected the fawn, and mother had done the same by me. Mother looked at the fawn and the fawn looked at mother. The deer seemed to understand that he and mother had done the same thing, and the deer walked slowly by us, followed by the fawn, with something in her eye that said: ‘You will not harm me now.’

“I shall never forget that look in the deer’s eyes. It was just like a look out of a human heart.

“Mother looked friendly towards the deer

as he passed. They parted friends, and even the little wolf-dog ceased to bark.

“I had delightful times some days playing with the animals. I learned how to attract them towards me and to play with them. Mother had a whistle by which she called the birds to her, and it made her happy to have a bird come to her and to please me.

“The blue jay was her bird in the woods. It would stop and lift its crown of feathers when it heard her whistle. Then mother would whistle again and the bird would drop nearer on the boughs and make a sound like the turning of a small crank.

“The little whistling quail would venture near us, and once we saw a white partridge.

“We were always happy on the sunny days in the woods.

“On rainy days we would seek shelter in the rocks and watch the beavers do their carpentry work. The little rabbits would frisk around us, and I sometimes would *play still*

and catch one by his little bobbing tail and let him go again.

“We had happy hours in the woods, and mother was always faithful to me and used to croon when I laid my head on her breast. There is a friendship to be found in the woods that only a few can know. My Indian mother loved the animals, and that I think was one of the reasons that she so loved me.

“The old women,” said Sarah, “would make journeys to the Indian cornfields when they would go apart to the Indian mills on the rocks and have a feast. As they began to pound the corn the little chipmunks would gather around them, and sometimes venture to their laps and perch upon their shoulders, eating the corn they had stolen, and putting up their paws while doing this, like little hands. Some of the chipmunks, or striped or ground squirrels, as they sometimes were called, could fill their pouched

mouths full of corn and run away to hide it for future use.

“One day Moo-May saw a little chipmunk hiding corn under a rock.

“ ‘There is a wonder,’ she said.

“ ‘What is it that is a wonder?’ I asked.

“ ‘Who taught that young squirrel to hide the corn? Not its mother; it is not a year old.’

“ ‘The knowledge was born in him,’ said the Indian, and then she crooned an ancient song of gratitude that all things were ordered so wisely.

“Once a rattlesnake was seen in the sunny entrance to the cave. It coiled as if to spring and bite.

“ ‘Let your anger burn hot now,’ said Moo-May. ‘We have anger just the same, and it is poison; it will one day destroy our race, I fear, but I will fix you.’

“She took from her pouch a small quid of tobacco and put it upon the end of a stick.

The snake prepared to spring when she dropped the quid from the end of the stick into its mouth. It never sprang. It uncoiled and died."

The little wolf-dog was indeed a very beautiful creature. It did not belong to the grey and gaunt timber wolves; it was nearly white like the wolves of the head-waters of the Missouri, and had a certain brightness and alertness like those wolves which often were made favorites of the Indian women who captured them when young.

A young wolf may be easily trained, and when so it becomes greatly attached to its master or mistress. But the white wolf which is found on the Missouri River and which possibly came to inhabit those regions by migrating from the snow regions of the north, is particularly intelligent and beautiful. This young wolf, in addition to his fleecy fur, had a bushy tail and, instead of the sneaking look of the common timber

wolf, carried his head like a red fox, with a winning look of animal intelligence. Those who saw him called him the white wolf-dog, although the little animal was not wholly white, but had an amber or grayish back; it had a winsome and attractive manner, which was quite unusual to the wolf tribe. Its cry was also peculiar. It was pitiable, solitary, and seemed to plead for something that it could not find.

“There is something in that wolf’s cry that goes to my heart,” said Mrs. Berry to Nancy. “I could trust that little creature if I had him; he would not run away. That is saying much of a wolf.”

Let us tell you some of the stories of those days of charm in the Kentucky wilderness, such stories as these young people delighted to tell.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CAPTIVE DAUGHTER

THOMAS LINCOLN'S ancestors, as we have told you, were acquaintances and friends of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky. They were most of them natural story-tellers, and Thomas Lincoln inherited their love of heroic lore, and liked to relate the old Kentucky stories.

Now that Sarah had returned, there was one story that he particularly liked to tell, reclining on the grass, with Peidy in hearing, if not quite understanding him, and the frisky little dog leaping up in astonishment when he waved aloft his sprightly, horny hands.

It was a midsummer evening before the door at Beechlands.

“I can tell you a story, now, I can,” said Thomas, “that is even almost equal to your own. Sit down, girls, and hold each other’s hands tight, and, Peidy, chew your cud, and, little dog of the bad ancestry, you prepare to punctuate my story by bobbing your tail and saying ‘yip, yip!’ when I get excited.

“Well, are your ears all hollow now? Daniel Boone had a daughter, a girl about Sarah’s age. On the 7th of July, 1776, just after Independence Day, she and two other girls went out on the river near Boonesboro, and got into a canoe to amuse themselves. They were having a lovely time when they saw the bushes stir, and then—now, little dog, it’s time for you to jump and put in an exclamation point—and then there appeared a painted face in the bushes, and a red hand reached out towards them, and made a motion of silence.

The girls were too frightened to make a noise. They hugged each other in terror.

“The red hand beckoned. They stopped the boat, the Indian leaped on board, and paddled them to the opposite shore. There he met with a number of comrades who had been watching and waiting.

“The red savage, with a tomahawk grasped in his hand, pointed out to the girls that they must follow the band of Indians.

“The girls wept and their hearts almost stood still. They came to a buffalo path, and came to a canebrake, where the Indians had to hide their tracks by separating.

“Night came to Boonesboro. The three girls did not return. Their parents went out to look for them, and found the boat gone.

“‘They have been carried away by the Indians,’ said Daniel Boone. ‘We must find them, and turn those who captured them into the dust.’

“He enlisted eight men for the expedition, and they started off at daylight. They tracked the Indians to the cane.

“Boone was skilled in woodcraft. He understood why it was that the Indians had separated, but he noticed that all the feet were turned in one direction and he made a detour of some thirty miles and came upon the trail over which the Indians with their captives were now passing with unsuspecting feet.

“‘We must go cautiously now,’ said Boone, ‘or we shall bring danger upon the captives. Still! Still! we will need only eyes, and the stealth of the panther. Still, still!’

“They passed on with great caution, and presently saw the Indians in the distance, preparing to encamp. The girls were with them.

“‘We must approach so near unseen that we can fall upon them so suddenly that they cannot harm the little girls. Approach under the cover of the thickets, close in on

them, then fire and seize the girls while the red-skins run.'

"The Indians were preparing the evening meal. They were happy and capered about.

"Flash, bang!

" 'Charge!' shouted Boone.

"The eight men charged upon the astonished Indians, whose feet flew as though they had wings.

"Boone seized his little daughter and bore her away. His comrades led away the other captives. The Indians flew from the assailants, and Boone prudently rushed away from them. Both parties were glad to say good-by. And when they got back home the fame of Boone was greater than ever.

"Sarah," he concluded, "the case was like your own, but you did not come back in exactly this way. You were a captive, but the true heart of Moo-May was always yours, and always beat true to you, didn't it, wolf-dog?"

And the little wolf-dog danced up and down and sideways, and cried out "Yip, yip!" which in his own language signified "Yes, yes."

It was now Sarah's turn to relate one of the stories of those years in the woods with Moo-May.

"We used to go berrying in midsummer," said she, "and, strange as it may seem to you, and to me now, we found bears in the berry pastures, and we did not fear them. They berried standing up. They looked like men in fur coats. My Indian mother never feared bears in the hot season, and when it began to cool and the wild grapes followed the blueberries, she had only to look a bear in the eye to cause him to move away from us.

"One midsummer day we were out berrying in the open. I discovered a large hillock of blueberries, and the berries were large and luscious. I was filling my basket eager-

ly, for we were gathering berries in large quantities to dry on the rocks, when I heard a rustling in the bushes and saw a huge brown bear before me gathering berries. He did not heed me, nor I him. We were getting along well together, for there were berries enough for us both, when some drops of rain began to fall which turned me towards a cavern in some rocks. The bear did not heed the rain. But the clouds hung low, and soon overcast the sun, and a long pealing thunder rolled along the earth from out a low cloud.

“I hastened into the cavern where Moo-May was at work.

“A terrific peal of thunder seemed to plough up the earth. The lightning that followed was blinding. I heard a noise behind me, and saw the bear following me as if for protection. He hurried after me into the cave.

“Another roll of thunder followed which

shook the very rock, and a high tree near by was struck by the lightning. This terrified the bear more than before, and he hugged my steps, panting like a dog.

“ ‘Don’t be scared at the bear, Sarah,’ said Moo-May, ‘he won’t hurt you, and take heart, child, the cloud is lifting.’ ”

“I threw myself at the feet of Moo-May in terror of the storm, not of the bear, and the bear dropped down at a little distance from each of us, and hung out his tongue, panting.”

“Suddenly the cloud broke into dark masses. The sun came out, the wet bushes glistened.

“The bear rose up. Moo-May bent her eye upon him, and he moved out of the cavern towards the wet bushes. He looked contented, as he swaggered along. He evidently regarded us as benefactors who had saved him. I presently followed him back to the bushes, and towards nightfall, when I had

filled my basket with berries, I returned to the cavern in the rocks and left the brown bear still picking berries. In the morning he was nowhere to be seen. I shall never forget that day in the woods."

Sarah liked to recall those days when all nature and even the bears seemed friendly, when she passed her hours, as it were, under the friendly sun, and looked for the white partridge and the blackbird which her Indian mother said were good signs. The story-telling on the evenings that followed her rescue was a delight. She and Nancy learned the famous camp-meeting songs together, and when they went to these meetings they made the woody ways or the camp-meeting grounds ring with their lively voices.

There was a charm about this rude life. The spirit of nature was in it. The sun seemed a part of it, the clouds, the tempest, the falling snow. The birds and little ani-

mals, the flowers and great trees all seemed a part of it, and they too a part of the living universe.

CHAPTER XXII

WAYNE COMES BACK

GREAT news!

“Hurrah,” cried Thomas.

“Let the woods ring,” said Nancy.

“Yes, you shall make the woods ring.”

Wayne was coming back—he was to march with a part of his army, not ten miles from Beechlands. He was to receive a welcome there. It was to be given to him in honor of the great events of the Fourth of July. The flag was to be raised and everyone was to have a jollification.

“I can seem to feel the country growing, since Sarah came back,” said Nancy. “I wish I could only do something for my country.”

"There is one thing that you and Sarah can do," said Thomas.

"And what is that?"

"You can sing. We can send the flag up into the blue air of Kentucky so that it may shine above the tree tops, and when Wayne approaches, you and Sarah can sing. I can feel the country growing. The Middle West is won to the flag; the vast mountain and river land from the Missouri to the Pacific is won to the flag. Sing it, Nancy; sing it, Sarah!"

"And what shall we sing?"

"Sing *See, the conquering hero comes!*"

"Will they let us?"

"Yes, yes. All the country around delights to hear you sing. Think of how they have welcomed you at the camp-meeting."

It was a glorious autumn day. The flag was lifted into the blue air.

Wayne approached in the glimmering distance. The migrating birds were chipper-

ing in the forest. A thousand people had gathered there.

The two girls came forward on the platform, and Nancy, a Jenny Lind of the forest, pealed forth the song of the Maccabean heroes:

“See, the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet; beat the drums!”

Men wept, horses pranced and neighed. Then an old Kentucky pastor said:

“Let us bow in prayer and invoke the divine blessing on the growing country. It has now grown from the Ohio to the Missouri and from the Missouri to the sea!”

“Let us kneel,” said Nancy to Sarah. “I can feel my country growing, my country, O my dear country!”

The pastor knelt in prayer.

The very leaves on the boughs seemed to listen while he prayed.

And Wayne—Mad Anthony—knelt with

the rest. He, too, could feel the story of the "growing" country. Was he not master of the country by the peace-treaty?

It was a glorious day under the trees. The leaves fell about the multitude like showers of golden flakes. It was at the parting of savagery and civilization.

Wayne returned to Pennsylvania, and was thus hailed as a hero. Guns boomed and rockets flared to welcome him. Festal tables were spread for him, amid triumphant music and ringing of bells. He died at Presque Isle (Erie) in December, 1796.

And here we must say good-bye to little Nancy Hanks, already budding into womanhood. Hereafter it is Nancy the woman grown of whom we have to tell. For some years she lived at Beechlands and became more and more popular with everyone for her sunny disposition, her sweet voice and her loving nature. She and Thomas Lincoln grew to be better friends, and in due time

they became engaged. Neither was rich in the modern sense, but in those days people thought less of property than of each other. In later years it was frequently said that Thomas was lazy and a poor choice for such a bright girl as Nancy. We now know that Thomas was a decent, sober man, though he never had the faculty of making great headway in the world.

CHAPTER XXIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTHER

THOMAS LINCOLN married Nancy Hanks in 1806. The marriage took place at the home of Richard Berry, near Beechlands.

“The cabin in which Nancy and Thomas were married still stands in Beechlands, near Springfield. One of their old neighbors once said: ‘It was a large house for those days, when men slept with their guns under their pillows. It was twice as large as the meeting house.’

“The marriage was fixed in the memory of the old inhabitants by a grand infare.

“Christopher Columbus Graham wrote of this celebration:

“ ‘I came to the Lincoln-Hanks wedding in 1806. Rev. or Judge Jesse Head was one of the most prominent men there, as he was able to own slaves, but did not on principle.’ ”

It was celebrated in the boisterous style of one hundred years ago, and was followed by an infare given by the bride's guardian. To this celebration came all the neighbors, and even those who happened in the neighborhood were made welcome. There was bear meat; venison; wild turkey and ducks; eggs, wild and tame, so common that you could buy them at two bits a bushel; maple syrup in big gourds; peach and honey; a sheep that the two families barbecued whole over coals of wood burned in a pit, and covered with green boughs to keep the juice in.

Thomas had little or no education; he probably did not know how to spell. She had a fair education and was ambitious.

Three years afterward Abraham was born to them.

She formed a home school which included her rugged husband and little Abraham, destined to be the illustrious president. The boy was facing the future of a great country. What might not that future be? Nancy had already sent her little daughter, who was her eldest child, to a neighborhood school; and the latter took her little brother with her.

Abraham was a restless and inquisitive boy at school, but birches of the right size and quality were plentiful, and his teacher did not use them sparingly.

Nancy took up the work of her husband's education in her home and taught him all she knew, and Abraham as much as she could of what she wished him to know. She helped Thomas to spell his Bible through. He knew less of the ocean than of the sky, less of the great men of the world than of Little

Turtle. Abraham was a sad boy most of the time, though he liked fun occasionally. He loved his mother's voice. That was a memory that entered into his soul. Her evening hymns, how they interpreted to him the great mysteries that he did not understand!

Here is one of the hymns of the Wilderness, of Wayne's times, that Nancy may have sung, or hymns like it:

“The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

“And when our days are passed,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.”

Abraham said after he became president that he owed everything he had achieved to his angel mother. And indeed she was beloved by everyone.

Was anyone in the great neighborhood sick,—Nancy went there. Was anyone in need of anything,—there went her heart, her hand and feet. She was a beautiful woman in form and face,—beautiful in every way.

She loved to make Thomas and Abraham happy, and so was happy herself, realizing that to live for others' welfare is to secure one's own.

Did she ever dream that Abraham—*her* little Abraham—would be named with Pericles, the Gracchi, Alfred the Great, Simon de Montfort, Hampden, Washington, and the other great and illustrious of the earth? That her good heart would live in his, and that the world would beat to it, and that when he should die, the inmates of palaces should weep, and that the emancipated race would make him their watchword and ideal?

Sing on, gentle Nancy, in the shadows of the ancient trees that shine in the sun. It is the hearts of mothers that make men, and

those who sympathize most with mankind live the longest in human memory. The victors for whom pyramids arose are forgotten, but the heart of thy son, who bore to the world the heart, will outlive the builders of pyramids and the pyramids themselves. Sympathy lives longest of anything on earth, and he who gives the most of love to men receives the most from God.

Thomas Lincoln, who had been left poor by his rich father, on account of the law which gave the eldest son, Mordecai, the family estate, made a poor living as a carpenter because so few needed his services. He resolved to go out into the wide world of the Wilderness, and seek his fortune, and make his lovely wife happy.

Their little girl was now dead and was buried under the trees near the house. Thomas decided to emigrate to Indiana, to take up land, and it nearly broke his young

wife's heart to think of going away and leaving that little grave.

"It is all best for us that we go, Nancy," said Thomas. "It is a beautiful place where we are going to live; nature has done so much for it that it makes the birds sing lovely there. It is all for the best that we go."

"But, Thomas, the grave of our first born under the trees? How can I leave that?"

"Your heart cannot leave it, Nancy, nor mine, but it will be better for our boy Abraham that we go. We ought to do that which will be best for our children. That was why the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the seas—to make a better home for their children."

"I will go, Thomas. I would walk all the way beside the team for Abraham's sake, but Sarah, my cousin Sarah, she has been a sister to me."

"We must give up all, relatives, friends,

all, and seek to better our lives for Abraham's sake."

"Try your fortune here once more, before we leave all," said Nancy. "That little grave! That little grave!"

"Well, I will, Nancy. You know that I have ideas. Now one of these is that if a flat-boat were to be built narrow, it would make a better market boat. I am going to build such a boat and venture on it to New Orleans."

He built the boat. His neighbors laughed at him while he was building the queer-looking craft.

"It will tip over, neighbor Lincoln," said they.

"No, it will run its nose through the snags like a crane's bill." But he forgot ballast.

He loaded his narrow boat with provisions of beef, deer, and buffalo, with piles of furs, coon skins, and gentian root. It was a famous load, but he had forgotten the ballast.

"And do you really expect to drive that craft down to New Orleans?" asked his neighbors.

"You will be wiser when I come back. Don't banter me."

"*You* will be wiser when you come back," said a neighbor who was experienced on the water.

Thomas started down Knob Creek in his narrow boat that he expected would run through the snags of the Mississippi, like a crane's bill. He reached the Ohio, but never got into the Mississippi, for the Ohio was swollen by rains, and the narrow boat toppled over.

He dragged a part of his cargo on shore, and covered it with bark. Those were dreadful hours to him: the world itself seemed to have gone to pieces. And he would be laughed at! He walked home. What a walk it must have been!

“It would have all gone well,” said he, “if I had only had ballast.”

Poor Thomas, he needed to learn that lesson of *ballast*, and he seems to have done so in part.

Thomas still studied life from nature, which he knew so well, and the wolf-dog gave him text for thought. This old wolf-dog still lived, as did Moo-May, and they were both fond of Nancy.

“He was a wolf once,” Moo-May had said, “and we all were.” This was not strictly true, but it represented a truth.

“Yes,” said he to Nancy, “a minister once told me that our ancestors once wandered about Northern England and Caledonia in sheep skins and goat skins, and were almost savages. I wonder what the dog would do if he were to meet a pack of wolves. Would he run off with them, or follow Moo-May to the end? Most men have some special temptation, and when they meet those of their

own kind, they follow the flock from which they are sprung."

He watched the dog, whenever old Moo-May came to the cabins, which she did be-times on her leathery feet, and it was thought that she sometimes came to the place nights "with feet unseen."

"Ain't you afraid, Moo-May, that that there dog of yours will some day skip away, when he hears the howl of wolves in the timber?"

As he asked the question an unexpected thing happened. It was a spring day when the green grass was lining the southern slopes of the hills after the winter desolation. The earth was hungry, the woodpeckers were tapping the trees. It was near nightfall, when suddenly the cry of a wolf was heard near a distant salt-lick.

The wolf-dog leaped up, and his ears stood out like horns.

"I can see the wolf in him now," said Thomas.

There arose on the still air the cry of a pack of wolves. The dog whirled around and around.

"There—what did I tell ye? He is a wolf yet, and he will kite away some day, and become again the wolf that he is."

"No, no," said Moo-May. "Here, Slyly."

The dog obeyed her voice at once, and lay down among her rags with a face of shame, as though he were humbled by his own nature.

"Why did he do that?" asked Thomas.

"Because he has a heart—dogs have, and I hold him by the withe of his heart. All beings follow those whom they love the best—don't you know?"

"Wolves?"

"Yes, when they become dogs. The she-wolf will die for her young."

The howls of the wolves continued in the

region of the salt-lick, where it was probable they were attacking deer.

The wolf-dog's ears were restless.

"That dog will leave you for his own some day," said Thomas again. "Wait till his hungry day comes."

"Wait and see," said Moo-May. "He will show you what we may all be."

Here was a woodland philosophy indeed.

"A new affection will make a new nature," said Thomas. "That is what the Gospel teaches. I will watch that dog to the last. The heart is the man; it is the heart of the beast. Get an animal's affection, and you may lead him wherever you will."

"I shall follow you with unseen feet," said Moo-May, "and you will find it so. If anything happens to me, I wish you to send the dog back to Sarah."

"He will go back to his own," said Thomas, still doubting his own philosophy in regard to the power of the heart.

“He will go back to his own when I go back to my people who are left. Why will I follow you?”

“Why?”

“Because I love Sarah more than all else in the world. He will go back to his own when I go back to my own. The heart goes to its own through fire and death. The heart is the world. Wolf-dog, wolf-dog, you will never forsake me—and Thomas Lincoln. I will never forsake Nancy, and her children. I will never leave little Abraham unguarded or unsheltered, Sarah said so.”

“I see life in a new light,” said Thomas, “or I think I do. We shall see; we shall see. To have a new nature must be the greatest thing in all the world. If the wolf-dog teach me that, I ought to be ashamed.”

“Would you ever leave Nancy?”

“No—she is all the world to me.”

“Thomas, I would die in defending Sarah

—and Nancy for Sarah's sake. And Slyly, he would die in defending me.”

“Against the wolves?”

“Yes, against the wolves. It is not the skin that makes the wolf—it is the heart. Don't you see?”

“We shall see if you follow Nancy and her children.”

The wolves were still howling in the far-off lick; the red sun had gone down, and the wolf-dog was sleeping on old Moo-May's rags.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DIED

LITTLE Abraham Lincoln, as he grew older, went to a school conducted by one of the queer old schoolmasters of whom we have already told. His great qualification was that he could "lick boys." The boys of the many pioneer schools seemed to have a common notion that if one pulled out an eye lash and placed it on one's hand, before being whipped, the ruler when it struck the eye lash would fly all to pieces. But this Kentucky schoolmaster did not use that kind of punishment. There were hazel bushes in the undergrowth of the timber, lithe and long, and spotted like snakes, and the schoolmaster used these in disciplining

a boy. He was proud of his strong arm, and when the witch hazel came down on the back of a boy it left its marks there for many weeks. Unfortunately Abraham was one of the sufferers.

Abraham liked to sit on the banks of streams, watching for fish or for animals. He had seen coons cross a stream. The latter would mount a tall sapling or hazel that would bend, and lean it over the stream, like a bridge, and the coon would jump down on the other side.

One day he was out playing on the banks of a deep stream with a boy by the name of Gollaher, when he thought he would be as bright as a coon, and cross the stream in like manner.

“Gollaher,” said he, “I am going to coon the stream. Then you come after me. It is much that we may learn from the animals, as father says.”

He climbed out on the limb of a sycamore

tree and “canted” it towards the opposite shore. But he did not calculate his weight as wisely as did the coon. The tree bent over towards the middle of the deep water, Abraham lost his hold and dropped into the water.

“Hel-up—hel-up!” he cried.

Gollaher, after nearly losing his own life, rescued Abraham. Had he lived in Rome in the days of the heroes, and rescued a man who became famous, he might have had a monument. But in those days no one thought much about it, though Abraham never forgot it.

But the time was at hand that Thomas Lincoln was to make his far journey towards a more prosperous country.

One day Nancy said to her two children—for there was another little girl now:

“Let us go out together, hand in hand. It is the last time.”

“What do you mean, mother?”

“It is the last time that we will visit together the grave of my little girl, your little sister, that died.”

The green grass was springing up there, and the violets in the midst. The birds were singing in the trees. Nancy sank down on the little bed and cried, while her two children stood by and pitied her.

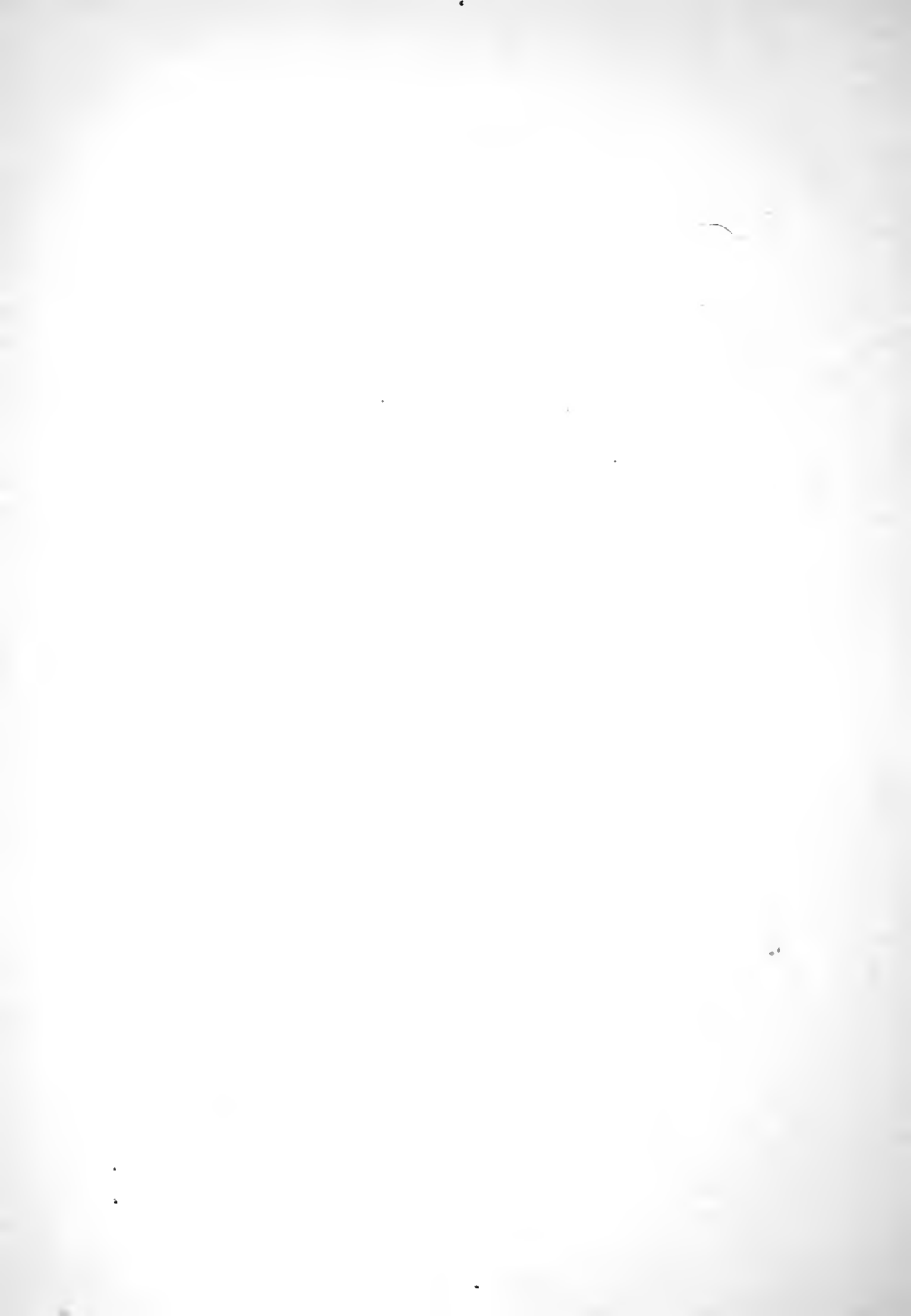
“My children, my children,” she said, “they are all the world to me. I leave my grave to God, and I must go like Hagar into the wilderness with my bottle of water, but if I have need the angel will meet me there. I may be blessed in my children. Abraham, you may yet rise up to bless your mother. Who knows? You may become another Wayne, who knows, who knows? I only know that my mother-heart will do the best I can to make your feet worthy of the world. I must go now, little grave, little grave. I will keep you green in my heart, but I will never see you more. I shall go, but not re-

turn. But I have done my best, and will do my best. Abraham, you do pity me, don't you? But, cheer up, cheer up, the sun shines and the birds sing, and the flowers bloom, and I have dropped my last tear on the mound of the child of my heart!"

A dark form arose in some bushes, and came out of them. It clasped Nancy affectionately.

"I do pity you, and I will follow."

It was Moo-May. The wolf-dog was with her.



CHAPTER XXV

FACING THE WILDERNESS—AND LIFE

IT was now indeed “the days of Wayne.” A new tide of immigration to the region of the Ohio now began. The world seemed on the march. The lands of the great inland seas filled rapidly with people; old Fort Dearborn became Chicago, and Chicago seemed to summon the world, so rapidly did it grow.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, from a road house of pioneers became a city of rest by the way, Cincinnati and Cleveland leaped into life, and St. Louis rose as it were out of the Mississippi.

Covered wagons, “prairie schooners” as they were called, were crossing the western

land like ships on wide seas. The Indians were disappearing; everything was changing into life and activity.

Although Kentucky was a beautiful country and contained much rich land, many of the people had chosen poor farms and had not gotten along very well. All the cousins of Nancy Hanks at Beechlands now began to talk of moving to Indiana, where richer lands were reported. It really was a bad plan for them; but, like most pioneers, they were restless, and, though Kentucky then was really wild, it seemed to them too much settled.

“We cannot stay, we must go,” said they all. It was destiny that impelled them. In the days of Wayne everyone began to seek the best lands in all the new prairie country as a home for their children.

Moo-May found in the heart of the beautiful, busy Nancy Hanks Lincoln a sympa-

thy with her old limbs that caused the old woman to love her more and more.

One day she said to Nancy:

“If anything should happen to you, Nancy, I would die for you. I would for Sarah. What is life? Hear the wild-geese honk in the sky. Who guides them? The Manitou. He will guide me. Moo-May, she fear nothing more.”

She wore a string of bears' claws around her neck which hung down over her heart and rattled. One day she took it off and said:

“I will wear the claws no more, the bears hide now and the land is peace.”

“We are talking of going to Indiana,” said Nancy. “Will you go?”

“With unseen feet,” said Moo-May. “I will walk apart, my arrows fly apart. I can see eyes in the trees. My heart goes forth with you, Nancy, into the wilderness.”

“And with Thomas?”

"If you say so."

"And with little Abraham?"

"Yes, he is your son and he has your heart. There is nothing left for poor Moo-May but to follow hearts, and to watch the wild-geese streaming through the sky. The Great Spirit that guides them will lead them, but my feet they wither."

Nothing could separate her from Nancy, but she felt sorry to move again. She was old, and she knew the farm and loved to play with little Abraham. Even Thomas came in time to have a real regard for her, though he insisted she could not be a real Indian.

"If I were to follow the 'Indian' in my own nature," said Thomas one day to Nancy, "I would seek to kill every Indian that I met, just as my brother Mordecai did."

"But what would you do with Moo-May?" asked Nancy out of her human heart.

"Moo-May?" said Thomas. "There is

something in her that I do not understand; she seems to prove to us what the preachers are always saying, that there is a saving remnant in all nations and hearts. There is some good in everything and everywhere; encourage it and it will grow. Nancy, I have always found it safe and best to follow your heart. Little Abraham, whatever may be my lot, or whatever I do, or wherever I go, do you follow the heart of your mother. The boy does well who follows his mother's heart."

He added:

"Abraham, what would you do if you were to meet an Indian with his war paint on?"

"I would follow my mother's heart as you told me. I love my mother; I think that she is an angel. If I go wrong and hurt her heart, I am sorry. Mother, what would you do if you were to meet an Indian with his war paint on?"

“I would tell him the story of Moo-May, how she hid Sarah behind the log. Then I would tell *him* that I would save him were he in danger, if I could.”

Many years afterward, Abraham Lincoln was a captain in the Black Hawk war. An Indian captive, “in his war paint,” was brought into the camp by his company, who proposed to put him to death. Lincoln asked mercy for the captive. His men argued against it, and were about to kill the captive when Lincoln stood up between the prisoner and his captors, and with the heroism of a giant saved the Indian from death. He followed his mother’s heart. It was that which awoke within him, and not the spirit of his Uncle Mordecai, who sought to revenge the death of his father Abraham, by killing every hostile Indian he met.

The now aged wolf-dog was more and more a wonder to Thomas Lincoln and Abraham.

“He shows me what every being might become,” said Thomas, “if it might only have a changed nature, in the growth of the world.”

He was a visionary man, with all of his rough, coarse nature. He saw things from within.

“Abe,” said Thomas, “your grandfather’s name was Abraham.”

“Tell me about him,” said the boy.

“I have told you before,” said the carpenter.

“Tell me again, I like to hear it.”

“He was shot by an Indian lurking in the bush, as you have heard people say.”

“How old were you then?”

“Seven years old.”

“Did you see Grandfather killed?”

“Abe, Abe, I sat down by his dead body in the field, and saw him die. Then I made an oath that I would be revenged on the redskins. My brother Mordecai made the same

resolution. He shot Indians at sight. It filled him with joy to see an Indian bite the ground. And now—look before you—what do you see? That old Indian woman who saved Sarah has given her back. Oh, there is a saving remnant, as the Scripture says, in all people. Abe, Abe, it is for you to conquer Indians by changing their hearts.”

“Father, I will remember.”

“I see everything in a changed light now,” said the carpenter.

At last they set out for Indiana. It was a notable journey for all of them.

What did it mean to American history? Abraham Lincoln was seven years old when he took his mother’s hand to ride and to walk from their forest home, not far from Louisville, Kentucky, to Spencer, Indiana, where Thomas Lincoln had found some rich land.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln had long ago walked and ridden on a similar journey, as

we have pictured. She was only five years old when she followed her parents and cousins from Virginia to the open and free lands of Kentucky, on the lordly Ohio. She probably rode part of the way on a pack saddle which was made of a crotch of a tree. All of them were used to the hardships of travel. So it was with a cheerful and hopeful spirit that Nancy faced the wilderness again.

Thomas Lincoln had hired a team for the journey. He could follow a trail for part of the way; then he would have to hew a way with a broadaxe in the timber country, where the trees were so thick that the team could not pass. Abraham, small as he was, helped him make the way.

“Hew now,” said Thomas Lincoln, “for you will have to hew your way through life. It isn’t much that I will have to leave you. You will have to learn to swing the broadaxe, to level timber, to split rails, and build

and build. We can hardly tell what we are building for.”

Abraham's mother sang all the way. The grasses were full of joyous birds, and the woodpecker tapped the trees. The great animals had not disappeared from the giant woodlands and the few open spaces, and they could hear them break the dry bushes and flee away.

They shot game for food,—deer, bear, wild turkeys and grouse, and hung their Indian kettle over a fire, and cooked the savory meat. At all times they could find luscious berries. Here and there corn could be obtained of friendly Indians, though the wilderness, as a rule, was a solitude, and a white man still looked upon all Indians with suspicion. But to the honor of the old tribes be it said that they kept the treaty made with Wayne. The tomahawk was buried forever.

Of what did they talk in their march

through the silences? Of religion and camp meetings, of bear-hunts, and warriors, and of the hundred interesting features of pioneer life; of what they hoped to find in the new country to which they were traveling. They carried the Bible with them. It was a library to them. Nancy once said to Abraham:

“If you could have but one of two things, a Bible or a farm, I would wish that you might have the Bible.”

The family put soul value above everything. Simple as they were, they had come to the conclusion that so awed Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher of whom you will some day know more and of whom they had probably never heard, that “Spirit is the only reality,” the only thing that will last.

The stars gleamed above them, through the towers of trees.

Moo-May was growing feeble. Her feet

seemed to be dying. She insisted on going on, but it was soon evident that she would not finish the journey.

One day she said:

“I shall soon go to the South Land (heaven); to the Manitou and to my own son. Remember that it was I who guarded Sarah from evil; it was the little wolf-dog that the people of your families often heard in the wilderness. I called him back when he came too near. He will watch over me when I die, and he will never leave my grave.”

“You must stay with us,” said the travelers.

“No—I shall soon go to my own—and my dog he will follow me soon. I cannot walk these roads. I must be in the woods. There I have lived most of my life. I will go with the wolf-dog and find rest in my own way.”

CHAPTER XXVI

THE WOLF-DOG'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

MOO-MAY was following them. The wolf-dog had done some strange things in the past, but he became unaccountable now. He would come out of the thick woods between the hills or elevations, utter a "Cry-oo-oo-oi!" and run back again, as if in perplexity, or deep distress. He seemed to call for human help.

The party hoped that Moo-May would appear and discover the cause of the wolf-dog's perplexity.

"Cry-oo-oo-oi!"

They heard it repeated over and over again. Now far away among the green hills, now nearer and nearer, now in the open, in clear view.

“It may be that something has happened to Moo-May,” said Nancy to Thomas. “The next time the wolf-dog comes out into the open, follow him.”

The dog soon came into the open again.

Thomas went towards him. The latter retreated, uttering the same cry in a tone almost human. The dog retreated from the open further and further away, and Thomas stumbled after him. At times he lost sight of him. The hills grew more and more ragged. Cavernous rocks here and there appeared overhung with ferns. Swallows darted out of some of these caverns and sped through the still blue air like darts. Great trees like castles rose up from the higher of the hills.

At last Thomas came in sight of a giant cave, one so large that he half believed it to be the giant cave of which he had heard as existing in Kentucky. This, however, was a smaller one.

The dog ran into the cave crying, rather than howling. The opening was lofty. A little beyond the arched opening it was dusk, and as he entered, bats seemed to break away from their hanging places, and to brush by. Flocks of swallows came and went to and from the cavern. Wild flowers and plants of great beauty drooped from the outer walls, and a spring of clear water ran down a side of the great cavern.

Thomas followed the dog, and soon made a singular discovery.

Just beyond the light that entered the cave, in the still shadows, lay an old Indian woman on a bed of leaves. He put his hand on her face. He drew it away quickly, the face was cold and breathless. It was Moo-May.

The wolf-dog jumped around her, he smelled of her hands and licked one of them. He ran out of the cave in distress, and sent forth the same pitiful cry—

“Oo-oo-oi!”

He leaped past his companion and almost upon him. He ran around him, as they both passed into the light, and paused looking up into his face, as much as to say: “What is it?”

Thomas replied: “It is death!”

The dog did not comprehend. Of course he did not.

“Death!”

The dog fell down and spread out his feet, and looked up to his companion as much as to ask: “What does it mean?”

“I do not know what it means,” said Thomas, shaking his head.

The dog seemed to understand the shake of the head, that it meant that he did not know the meaning of death, nor why the wayfaring Indian woman should be dead.

Thomas sorrowfully found his way back to his team and obtained a shovel.

“Moo-May is dead,” said he. “I have



**THOMAS BECKONS "COME," BUT THE DOG
WON'T FOLLOW**

found her body in a cave among the birds and bats. I must go back and bury her."

"Bring back the wolf-dog when you return," said Nancy.

He buried Moo-May. The wolf-dog looked on in wonder. He knew not the meaning of it all, and his companion knew but little more than he. Thomas buried her in the shadows of the cave. He patted down the earth, laid a stone upon the mound, and started back for the wagon and the place where he had camped.

He whistled to the dog and said: "Come!" But the dog did not follow him. He walked with lowered head about the grave and suddenly turned and licked the hand that had covered the body.

"Come," said Thomas, as he passed out from the place.

The dog understood the word and sign, but refused to obey. Thomas's cheek was wet with tears. He felt the helplessness of

life. The animal had learned much of life, but the lone digger of that grave could not explain to the dog what he himself did not understand.

As Thomas passed over a hill again, he called from the top: "Come!"

He saw the dog stretch himself beside the over-turned earth in the cave; he hurried back and said to his family: "I have buried Moo-May and have left the dog to watch her grave; he would not come. It may be that he will follow us."

The dog did not follow.

In the night they were awakened by strange sounds from the hills. "Cry-oo-oo-oi!"

"It is the wolf-dog," said Thomas.

They went on and on, Nancy leading little Abraham towards the great Indiana woodlands, and Destiny, but they heard the cry of the wolf-dog no more.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DESIGN FROM WHICH OUR STORY WAS
DRAWN

WE have spent some pleasant hours in the company of little Nancy, and all would be glad to know some more facts about her and about her friends and relatives,—facts which were not given with detail in the preceding chapters. One historian speaks as follows of Nancy and her dear ones:

“Her mother’s name before marriage was Shipley, and one of her sisters married a Mr. Berry; another sister married Robert Mitchell, who also came to Kentucky about the year 1780. While on the journey the Mitchells were attacked by the Indians and

Mrs. Mitchell fatally wounded, and their only daughter, Sarah, a child eleven years old, was captured and carried into Michigan, where a squaw saved her life by hiding her behind a log. Mr. Mitchell mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his friend, General Adair, went in search of his daughter, but was drowned in the Ohio River while attempting to cross it."

Still another historian has this to say of Nancy:

"She was but nine years old when her father died, and soon the dear mother also followed her husband. The little orphan then went to live with her mother's sister, Mrs. Richard Berry, at Beechland, a pretty place near Springfield. Here all her aunts, uncles, and cousins on her mother's side, the Mitchells, Shipleys, and Berrys, had settled when Joseph Hanks made his home in Elizabethtown. With this kind Uncle Richard Nancy lived until she was married. Theirs

was a merry life for a few years there in old Kentucky, and the beautiful Nancy Hanks seems to have been the centre and leader in all the merry country parties. Bright, scintillating, noted for her keen wit and repartee, she had withal a great loving heart.

“Among the many friends who visited the old Berry homestead was one cousin, some six years older than Nancy, known as Thomas Lincoln. His father, Abraham Lincoln, was a well-to-do farmer, owning a tract of some two hundred and forty acres of land. His father, John Lincoln, had come into Virginia from Pennsylvania, probably influenced to this step by his friend, Daniel Boone, who had moved to North Carolina with his father's family in 1748. Daniel Boone had never been satisfied, however, to stay in North Carolina, and in 1769 he had begun to explore the land to the westward. Finally, in 1773, he had

moved with his family and a few neighbors to Kentucky. Abraham Lincoln, born of a race of pioneers, became restless in his Virginia home, as he heard from time to time from the Boones and others of the settlers in the new country, and finally, in 1780, he sold his Virginia property, went to Kentucky, entered a large tract of land, and returning, moved his family. Eight years later, when he was killed by the Indians, he owned twelve thousand acres of land.

“According to the laws of Kentucky governing property, nearly all of his estate went to his eldest son, Mordecai. His younger son, Thomas, who was only nine years old at his death, received nothing. He lived about with one and another members of his family, and eventually went to Elizabethtown, and learned the carpenter trade of his cousin, Joseph Hanks. He seems to have made good progress at his trade, for, according to an old and trust-

worthy acquaintance, he had the best set of tools in the country and was a good carpenter for those days. No doubt, at Red Hill, the home of Joseph Hanks, he saw his cousin Nancy at times. He may have met her when visiting his brother Mordecai, who lived not far from the Berrys, Nancy's home. At all events the acquaintance between the two ripened into love, and they became engaged. It has been inferred by those who have made no investigation of Thomas Lincoln's life that Nancy Hanks made a very poor choice of a husband. The facts do not warrant this theory. Thomas Lincoln had been forced from his boyhood to shift for himself in a young and undeveloped country. He is known to have been a man who, in spite of this wandering life, contracted no bad habits. He was temperate and honest, and his name is recorded in more than one place in the records of Kentucky. He was a church-goer, and, if tra-

dition may be believed, a stout defender of his peculiar religious views. He held advanced ideas of what was already becoming an important public question in Kentucky, the right to hold negroes as slaves. One of his old friends has said of him and his wife, Nancy Hanks, that they were 'just steeped full of notions about the wrongs of slavery and the rights of man, as explained by Thomas Jefferson, and Thomas Paine.' These facts show that he must have been a man of some natural intellectual attainment. He was a companionable man, too, and famous as a story-teller, an accomplishment which seems to have been common enough to the Lincolns, for Kentucky traditions say that Mordecai Lincoln, Thomas's brother, was one of the famous story-tellers of the country."

The younger boy, Thomas, could tell a story, too, as you know. He retained a vivid recollection of his father's murder by

the Indians, which, together with other reminiscences of his boyhood, he was fond of relating, later in life, to his children to relieve the tediousness of long winter evenings.

“Considering the disadvantages under which Thomas had labored,” says one historian, “he had a very good start in life when he became engaged to Nancy Hanks. He had a trade and owned a farm which he had bought in 1803 in Buffalo, and also land in Elizabethtown. If all the conditions of his life be taken into consideration, it is not true, as has been said, that Thomas Lincoln was at this time a shiftless and purposeless man. In appearance he was short and stout, with dark hair, a full face, gray eyes, and prominent nose. He is said to have been one of the strongest men in his country, the terror of wrestlers and evil-doers.

“The traditions of Nancy Hanks’s appearance at this time all agree in calling her

a beautiful girl. She is said to have been of medium height, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, with light hair, beautiful eyes, a sweet and sensitive mouth, and a kindly and gentle manner."

You recall how Nancy and Thomas, with little Abraham, journeyed from their old Kentucky home to a new abode in Indiana, in order, if possible, to secure some of the fertile farm-lands that were to be had there. Listen to what one historian says of this journey:

"In the year 1816 the family prepared to leave Kentucky. Their household furniture and farm tools were packed into a wagon. Whatever of stock they may have owned was driven behind, and the little procession started. The first part of their journey could not have been very difficult, for at that time the highway to the Ohio was excellent. It was after crossing the river into Indiana that their pilgrimage became trou-

blesome: then they no doubt literally cut their way through the forests to the land which Thomas Lincoln had taken up for himself and family. This land lay in what is now Spencer County, Indiana. It was on the Little Pigeon Creek, about fifteen miles north of the Ohio River and a mile and a half east of Gentryville.

“To Nancy Hanks this removal from Kentucky must have been full of sadness. She was leaving behind a great circle of relatives and friends. She was leaving behind, too, the grave of her youngest child, and one of the most pathetic incidents which has been preserved to us of her life is the visit she made to the little grave with her two older children, just before she started on her journey into the Indiana wilderness.

“The overland trip, while it may have had its perils, was not necessarily very difficult or unpleasant. This journey was attended by none of the dangerous features

which were characteristic of the Wilderness Road. Indians and wild animals no longer threatened. There was much of amusement and adventure in these trips, and no doubt Nancy Hanks, as she rode in or walked by the wagon, found much of delight in the joy of her children over the, to them, novel and exciting journey.

“It was after Indiana was reached and the camp in the Wilderness, which was to be their shelter, was built, that her hardships began. What was called a half-faced camp, a species of log lean-to, without doors or windows, was their first home, and no doubt the winter of 1816 and 1817 must have been a trying one for Nancy Hanks.”

Soon after reaching Indiana Nancy died, aged thirty-five years. Poor little Abraham was broken hearted and never fully recovered from the blow caused by his loss. He went miles to get a minister to come and preach her funeral sermon, and often in

after life he would say with tears in his eyes:

“I owe all I am to my angel mother.”

THE END.

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